

*The Book of Disappearances / The Book of Tractations* was written and conceived by Raul Ruiz as a simile of the multimedia installation *The Expulsion of the Moors*, his first museum piece, touring in the United States and Europe. As in the museum installation, the book underscores the irony and ambiguity of the Moorish and Christian history of Spain through reflecting and mirroring, as well as through the narrative illusion of historic fictions.

*The Book of Disappearances / The Book of Tractations* combines a collection of short fictions concerning the histories of Spain and Islam, both deeply rooted and interactive in that country. Christian and Moorish characters are re-created in a variety of tales about royal courts, the Inquisition, the army, the discovery of America, Velasquez, priest's tale, the leaden books of Sacromonte, the art of memory and the magic of forgetting, conversations between shadows, and mathematical equations depicting music and paintings.

Each fiction functions as a piece of the "puzzle" along with religious symbols and linked labyrinths. Shaping particular graphic elements and mirror images, Ruiz's work suggests recurring themes which are key elements in this particular history.

R A U L R U I Z

THE BOOK

OF

DISAPPEARANCES







To the reader

I know not whether I should address you in this way, O reader, because I know you will not exist while I live in this world. You have not been born, reader, and I fear you will not be born. You may ask, Why write to me if I do not exist? My dear reader, from your naughts of pure hope, I have been watching for a missive written in the air. God has wished this epistle come from the future to fall inexplicably into my hands. Here I am answering you. Your messenger is the warm wind that perfumes your coasts. In your unpronounceable tongue you have asked me who I am and what I believe in. In that same tongue I answer you even though the words twist in pain in cruel irons, betwixt terrible Castilian machines. May my mangled words, already dead, reach you. May these ideas in pain wandering cross the sea and the desert.

This is my reply.

I know not who you will be, reader, but I know you will be kind and astute.

I am a Christian but have not always been one. Perhaps you will never be one. I cannot know you, I have never known you, but you are my friend. I am answering your wind-borne letter. I know I am a Christian. I know why: I am a Christian because I speak Spanish. I love immutable vowels. They have taught me to no longer fear the starry sky. Since I was a child, I have been afraid of the stars and have always known that in each star there shone

Wārisawā	Any Kōdōkōgo Does the Sunpects	Vēdāpū
Wārisawā	A Performance and Tercions.	Vēdāpū
Wārisawā	Not I Kōdōkōgo, I Wice Phintaph!	Vēdāpū
Wārisawā	I'll in Dāmācau and Morrisco . . .	Vēdāpū
Wārisawā	I Turnal, and long live Egypt!	Vēdāpū
Wārisawā	I told you and carress you.	Vēdāpū
Wārisawā	Quake and by Medinias, neverisp	Vēdāpū
Wārisawā	I hid not see, nor did his hanphry face apper	Vēdāpū
Wārisawā	Cox wper I saw	Vēdāpū
Wārisawā	Joined to shat O' Herries Trismeristics.	Sālāmāgū
Wārisawā	Did Sōoek shly seeting face	
Wārisawā	With suffocation and what hast!	
Wārisawā	Do not say you did not see me	
Wārisawā	With slight and turtive I	
Wārisawā	I take you followed you yourself	
Wārisawā	Play's not one role but three.	
Wārisawā	With rose of Matrakēp	
Wārisawā	With love will it Nāz here's	
Wārisawā	Vid the flower cussleaved,	
Wārisawā	With its double love for three.	
Wārisawā	Enamored love within me,	
Wārisawā	Enamored of your loves	

Ally will you get each page.

(This text is written in English on the back page of the first part.)

an unpronounceable consonant and that in the space which separated one star from another there was one and only one vowel perpetually in movement. I imagined it vacillating between red and blue. Since even before I was born, since the moment God had me in His mind, since the moment He thought Himself before engendering Himself (but these are heresies from the past), since then I have spoken Arabic. The revelation of the Castilian language annihilated in one instant the fear of the stars. I came to understand that the vowels are five, like the fingers of the hand, like the five senses. They embalm and bury the fear of incarnation.

Now I know that God will not suffer to be seen, but makes Himself heard.

And it is for this reason He is on every part.

God speaks Spanish. Speak it again yourself and you will convert.

- Out looks exchanged, and bring us.  
Then lose myself among the treasures  
I exit silent from the Hall.  
Entangled in my own sorrows,  
That I get lost all by myself,  
I so, so much in love do fall  
From head to foot.  
Do you love yourself  
I do,  
When though that love which I do bear  
All ready you yourself don't consider.  
Believe you say just what you think.  
I though you may think without a conscience,  
Mark, think of what you say  
But too, no end without its time  
Vain on beginning to my passion,  
I think that it was poor,  
Witnesses my peer,  
No longer do I know which of the two  
And I do love her more than him.  
She don't love him more than him  
Any second you in pleasure.  
I do you in your sorrow,  
Any second you in pleasure.  
Who better than a woman  
I do another man who is your love,  
I do you in your sorrow,  
Who better than a woman  
You, a girl, and with a woman  
I do you, though from Marakesh!  
Now do you understand my business—  
The plan don't run to my checks—

## To His Most Serene Highness

It has been said that the weapons of the men of the robe are the same as those of the woman, which are the tongue. May Your Highness accept that with mine I come to acquit myself of my very own wit which I know to be poor and weak, unworthy of the task which I undertake. I do feel and believe (with my eyes fixed on the Virgin Mary and on her Holy Son, her Divine Fruit) that Your succor, help and clemency must needs greatly increase my intellect and sharpen my conceits, giving them the agility and force of those that shall be required in order to confront with the same heroism and militancy with which Your invincible arm was able to contain and expel the infidel and heretic. May Your Majesty thus accept this Miscellany, which seeks to entertain and teach, combat and pardon, understand and give refuge to those who have abandoned the path of the true faith, and closing their eyes to the light, persist in denying the obvious. From my devoted labors and my fatigued idlings must arise, I trust, happy truths. Calumnies have sought to choke amongst the fertile underbrush of their forestS this humble fruit of my short life. I will be able to ignore them with the calm of the soldier of God in the battle for the world. With suppliant affection I shall beseech God that the earthly life of Your Highness be long in years and light in sorrows and suffering.

Kissing Your feet,  
The least of your servants.

*Great War.*

Wax:

Stirring up tears on the cheek of poise,  
I wash my chant in the basin of the white dawn.

Wax:

Each tear a pearl each pearl the moon.

Wax:

My poise is fairer than the moon like tears.

Wax:

If poise is fair a black, what good fortune.

Wax:

Diamonds with my chant like moon infinite.

Wax:

What say I do not understand you.

Wax:

It seems to me that you are sad.

Wax:

As for your song . . .

Wax:

Tis but a joke.

Wax:

To spirit my dissipate.

Wax:

But the dissipated one resists.

Wax:

I draw back and then repeat.

Wax:

But stupor has assails me.

Wax:

Who . . .

Wax:

The misundertaking . . .

Wax:

I follow without knowing what you mean.

Wax:

Off, muse, you see me ill,

Wax:

Athematic and dirge unglar.

Wax:

Athematic

Wax:

You slip

Wax:

In love, then all to pieces.

Wax:

Pieces

Wax:

A slip was from a great fall.

Wax:

Now I understand; who is hei?

Wax:

A man, put in return

Wax:

Your wisdom a love the both dispense

Wax:

That of a rose, a sylphon

Wax:

The copy of the Speculum of Fornicaries is coming with the Jew. It is true that many of the recommendations and teachings were already to be found in the treatise on surgery by whistle and it may be said and affirmed that they are one and the same book, but others, much more, contain the same type of recommendationS, teachings and remedies. Arnold of Villanova also believes that the L-shaped erection brings about deep dreams and thickens the blood. The same is admitted by Gomez de Salamanca and Meister Johann. With respect to what they say of certain male members which suck and soak up blood from the wombs of women and in this wise kill them, it seems to me to be a purely idle speculation. The same for the erection of members which vibrate and make sounds and for members whose foreskin is an inflated bladder and which burst and burn during copulation. Much has already been heard and said about pustules, and in the same way about the order of the twenty-seven positions, but there is nothing that has not already been said by Jacme de Gramont. With respect to the effect of sweet phrases and witty flatteries on speedy impregnation, everything has already been said by Alfonso Chirino in The Lesser Damnification of Medicine. The book of oils teaches the use of virgin oil for massaging and bracing the skin, whereby the female is warmed. Finally, there remains much to learn, and life is short and we will die ignorant.

And beside myself often leave me.  
 All melodies & softness  
 Of your face both send me,  
 Charmer from wine niture  
 A slave for the easiest subjects.

Rodrigo, what I ask you,  
 What I beg you, is to be put you  
 Inside you, and to be yourself,  
 If you still have but one slumbr,  
 Moderate your solicitude  
 And act affec<sup>ed</sup>ed ouc!

Now I am offend<sup>ed</sup> and take umbrage . . .  
 Now I do reouounce you, Turk!  
 I could have your head . . .  
 I do not recognis<sup>e</sup> you, infante.  
 You will earn a place infinite.  
 You will earn a love infinite.  
 But now it is the hour to dine  
 Faustina, Marcella! Set me us!

Oraojo:  
 Oraojo:  
 Oraojo:  
 Oraojo:  
 Oraojo:  
 Oraojo:  
 Oraojo:  
 Oraojo:  
 Oraojo:  
 Oraojo:

## Scene 2

Enter Alceste, sighing.

The base we a traitor for a lord.  
 His name I tell not, he<sup>s</sup>t<sup>h</sup> by honour  
 See if I am right, despite his terror,  
 And ask him of his scorn and of my love.  
 Who<sup>s</sup> pi-passi au paws<sup>u</sup> wa-kpitiar tu au-utifat

Alceste:

Don Joan Manuel techyth in The Booke of the Unfynysshed that God hath **crea**te all thing unatchieved and endlesse uor to **ge**venc us **f**radome & iurrisdiction gyffe eche an cande oure selven. But the kunnyng**e** and philosophicall and larned bilev**e** that if God hath **to** us this unatchievment disposed, it is **to** care for and save it. And it is our due to **save****e** and greowen this unatchievement, quych moste ende on the Day of the Last Iugement, Dies irac, the dradefull day of dome on quych**h** all thinge will be fulfylled, and all knowynge fulfylled, and from **this** wuschynge fulfylled, that is, wylle fulfylled, will appere the Cytec of God wyth its casteels of light. And the unatchieved and the rude will betwixt **the** wylds and woddes be **lo**st and by the bestes of nohht devouryd and drouned in seis of nohht and devouryd by the toderkend **Sereyns** and trytons. **A**nd these bestes will fulfylle the imperfeccions of the wastyd and the wound*did* in thaire bealyes of perfyt and colourless nohht.

And so Ibn Mutamad Hazm, auctor and scribe, to shewe to all that there is in this warld nohht any thyng fynysshed or atchieved, dyd compose this **b**ooke, made of chappitres and in quych nohht cleyms to be fynysshed or atchieved.

Yon' charis'ma don't enc'hant me.	Roñig'o:
With itsself—for Nature can'ut be controlled,	Roñig'o:
Wild and wind'y make its bacc'e	Roñig'o:
The swit'ly snip'eted of the flies phagoct're	Roñig'o:
Haircasted porresses I have seen	Roñig'o:
Birdges satly a few boorly	Roñig'o:
Spirited and perspicacious with its docile	Roñig'o:
Easly, ai'ly and humid, leafy,	Roñig'o:
With earth rose, scoop'd, And has the faccid	Roñig'o:
Not one evet seen the fire make a bacc'e	Roñig'o:
Not does yon' bacc'e turn me from mine.	Roñig'o:
You war does not touch or hurt me,	Roñig'o:
Not a big ol' those bigstics.	Roñig'o:
Not ate you wine of those old skins	Roñig'o:
You ate out o'e of those troob's	Roñig'o:
And now to be a sqash for offcats.	Roñig'o:
Wooden in its woe	Roñig'o:
Of the face as it wund'rs	Roñig'o:
I underrake unto the last	Roñig'o:
The durstiel of the battle	Roñig'o:
No, Oidoño, not with you	Roñig'o:
His demon friend.	Roñig'o:
And who the offcats?	Roñig'o:
It is Roñig'o.	Roñig'o:
Who is that oug's	Roñig'o:
One for another	Roñig'o:
Tis all the same . . .	Roñig'o:
That you awak'c, and remember.	Roñig'o:

Of the knight without legs I would like to know so much more than what is known (and it seems it was a great deal) that it is no small point. Your people must know somewhat more than I. At the least they will be informed of his loves with the convert nun Doña Antonia or the Marien, as she was called in her time, the daughter of Abbot Joao of Montemayor. Years ago they told what I know. They told me the story very drily one winter's day, just before dawn, and I do not remember it very well. There are days when I think I invented it myself or I dreamt it.

This is it, if in the meanwhile I have not confused it with others, since these days so many stories, each one similar to the next, are invented daily that one now gets lost between laughter and conjecture and the wit must needs have recourse to spectacles in order to separate facts from their reflections and the lie from its lying shadow, which at times appears truer than the truth. Short-cuts to sainthood are like this. People believe that by telling stories, as the Muslims and Hindus do, saintliness and sapience can be learned and laid out. I have already spoken to you of these short-cuts, which I intrepidly fight. I have also spoken to you of the thou with which thy people contaminate me and which I flee because I believe it a dangerous short-cut to the marriage of souls, and they say that in such and such a convent in Coruña they teach one to be holy in a week via short-cuts and donations. And these short-cuts are made of mirrors and polished and prevaricatory glass, and they seem to take away any trust in what one sees and make one want to go into cold and dark cells and they say that this is supposed to be holiness, but those who say this lie. But returning to the poor Don Acacio, the man without

- Ondōno: For your wheretofore  
I will give you lesson; Falscher friend.  
Rondōgo: Pasqualawada appreheNsion.  
Is not a gift . . .  
It is a song . . .  
I say attraction.  
Ondōno: Tell me you who are my teacher  
And the papa's  
From those fours  
Of the immortal water  
And the dawn papa's  
Immigration and a name,  
Of the sea, and you the reader  
Tell me now, my teacher  
Have you the so soon forgotten  
The Indian fictions  
Would you in the right inclement  
Could have stayed  
As you see we shake  
You, people as you see  
Just fury's brig  
And pride, you said  
With your own blood  
The rock of God's love  
And painful shuddering  
Through papa's  
Of your tears . . .  
I did papa's you; so what?  
I am thus writing a wheretofore.  
What will you tell me, then?  
That you come back to life.
- Rondōgo: Ondōno: Rondōgo: Ondōno: Rondōgo: Ondōno: Rondōgo: Ondōno: Rondōgo: Ondōno:

legS, and to his loves with Marien, the convert nun, I have been told that two stories which deny and refute eAch other have spread, from which I have sought one in between, as the Muslims and thou (you) often like to do.

That is the story and I believe neither in it nor in its moral, but it makes me laugh.

And it seems that Don Acacio lost his first legs fighting Moors who were down by Leila, so in himself and blind with haughtiness that losing his legs was little or nothing, and he was left by all for dead.

He lost both legs, which some say fell off by themselves, like ripe fruit, and others that one of the Moorish foot-soldiers who used to fight with two swords or scimitars sliced them off. The poor Don Acacio did not bleed nor did he show sign of despondency or pain, but he did what they do in his country, and he got on his hands and assailed the Moor, striking him with his stumps and leaving him badly off, and then he climbed up on his mount upside down and spurring him on in this wisc to quicken him he returned to his own camp where all could see with incredulous eyes that he was growing new legs and that in less than a week he had full-grown ones, but they were shapely and without hair, like a woman's, and they aroused interest and even admiration and soon they came from afar to see them, which Don Acacio deigned to show and exhibit until he felt loathing and shame and refused to suffer them be seen but it was already too late.

The knight with the woman's legs sought in vain on the field of honor the Moor who had cut them off, hoping he would cut them off again to see if he could get his own legs back, forgetting that no miracles are repeated. Seeing the uselessness and vanity of his undertaking, and having listened to the the counsel and entreaties of his

Rohirgo:	Thunders!
Oraño:	Iehovah, Elohim, and God.
Rohirgo:	Why strive and why not rest?
Oraño:	Why put one God and why not two?
Rohirgo:	You think that God is three?
Oraño:	Three is one and one is three.
Rohirgo:	Three times Three . . .
Oraño:	Another time!
Rohirgo:	None Divulges . . .
Oraño:	O, God!
Rohirgo:	Wher' God?
Oraño:	Not yours, Godspeed!
Rohirgo:	You go!
Oraño:	To pray for you!
Rohirgo:	Hail, O valiant work!
Oraño:	Aud do our go!
Oraño:	A prisoner am I . . .
Rohirgo:	Of thy past, of thy riden'
Oraño:	Injustice, of thine fear
Rohirgo:	Of vanity sufficent
Oraño:	Of earthly boons of honor
Rohirgo:	Of earthly desolation
Oraño:	Supple and socious
Rohirgo:	Praise, soliciting and silent
Oraño:	Laria of a base audience.
Rohirgo:	Aud a weaver diligent.
Oraño:	Thou sbeggar of thine and not of me!
Rohirgo:	Wretched, bribees

men, which were that he should accept his legs as a gift of Providence and that he should not hide them in breeches but rather in a red skirt, he soon dressed in this guise for battle, causing spasma among the men of the enemy. But they say that he soon found a fitting contender and this was a woman dressed as a man and she was the nun Marien, feared and detested by the Christians.

They met in combat and shouted *p*oems of battle and challenges to each other and in this guise they took to each other and one day during a battle and between cries and great war songs they were *t*aken with each other they went down to a ford and lay together and knew each other evilly even as they fought, in such wise that it could not be known if they were striking each other or exchanging caresses, and it had to be both because soon the nun became pregnant and brought *i*nto the world a boy and she rushed into battle giving him suck without leaving off intrepidly attacking the Christians, seeking it seems her *lo***v**er with the legs of a woman, until one day she *m*e*t* him and flung her son at him with such force that striking him in the head it left him dull and *w*ithout memory and like to mad, so that seeing his son half-dead he thought to cut off *hi*s own legs and give him suck with their blood but it was *use***l**ess, for the child died. Seeing this the poor Don Acacio took both legs and mad with pain and spasma as he was, he *hur***l**ed them, one in one direction as far as Catalonia, and the other in the other, which fell in Extremadura. And herd*e*rs accompanying sheep on foot started going back and forth between these *two* extremes.

Three dear life's-heads, and the saides,	Rādhikā:
The Witches keb'r, the Vairags all caudges,	Oñādōñā:
Three Walkers sleeping,	Rādhikā:
Well worth three dead,	Oñādōñā:
And Moutu the navigation	Rādhikā:
Craftless.	Oñādōñā:
You are in pain.	Rādhikā:
To see you couerset,	Oñādōñā:
Reckless'de' delectur.	Rādhikā:
To see the devil right triumphant	Oñādōñā:
And to see You. unfeatur.	Rādhikā:
I could say the same	Rādhikā:
Of You . . .	Oñādōñā:
Of me!	Rādhikā:
O Laster friend!	Rādhikā:
May Allah be my witness,	Oñādōñā:
That it is by faith, for love	Rādhikā:
And by the belief He granted,	Oñādōñā:
H . . .	Rādhikā:
Free-striking me . . .	Oñādōñā:
Who is put One . . .	Rādhikā:
Who is Tirus.	Oñādōñā:
What! Now indigo indigo!	Rādhikā:
Not indigo, but Indian. And you!	Oñādōñā:
You told me your faith in put One God,	Rādhikā:
The God of hundred and minute!	Rādhikā:
Time;	Rādhikā:
A pit divine . . .	Oñādōñā:
V thrones;	Rādhikā:
Pastoral love.	Oñādōñā:

Absent friend. Here is what you have been asking of me. It treats of stars and of veils. I possess the Arabic manuscript. If it be of any use to you, here it is.

Ptolemy says in the Tetrabiblon that the music of the stars imitates but does not repeat the music of the spheres. The music of the spheres, abstract music, is the resonance of the eternal world, the world which has not yet come to be. The music of the stars is the sound of the winds of heaven, and being the fruit of the harmony of the Cosmos, enchants and elevates, but being an event, an articulation of accidents, aspires to perfection but dissonates.

Boethius in his *De institutione musica* retorts that the geometry of music is nothing more than the skeleton of the time of the universe and as a consequence can break, like a femur or a rib. But this time being predetermined, it must have always existed in the mind of God, and thus also in it music and its accidents. To construe it anew implies obliging God to remember. Supposing God does remember, since he knows everything, that *memoria artificialis* which we call the music of the spheres will needs disturb him like a prosthesis. Salinas claims that a memory cannot be a memory of a memory, but I believe the face of a friend already dead which suddenly presents itself to us in a dream does not dull the memory of the friend *but* rather strengthens it.

I also think that the canticle of the stars can only be music if each star is considered a note. The treatise on astronomical geometry of Father Antonio Cerdá explains it thusly. If we trace staffs of five parallel lines in many directions and have them

Odyssey:

Royal:

And *city*, Land *ho!*  
And *virtue* war *chariots sing*, now *vilely*  
Changes *feisty* and *land* and *color!*  
Whigologic pecocene a Justice now  
From this your *present* *ways*  
What *available* you your head  
Of *Indecent* *Aestheticians*  
Nugatory, Father Odysseus, put *nugatory*.  
But out the *divinised* *nugatory*  
The *father* of the *trouped* *fat*  
Of mortals, not the *wayward*, the *available*  
Was *annihilation* *nugatory*  
Of the three ships, one and *triumphant*  
Of the New World, *indisgu*,  
The *Indians*: the *subelegy*  
Diversion. But my *nugatory* is *nugatory*.  
Nugatory more than the most *tried*  
Tiring, than the *walk* just  
Walked. Almost *outstriping*  
Is my *nugatory* not much.  
And the *tee times* *outstriping*.  
Free of *scurr*, *delightfully*,  
The pleasure that *wipes away* the *length*  
(The *Climbly* *chaffick*)  
Of *death-s-Hegads*  
Telegy for *nugatory*  
Powerful, and the *tauctor*  
Full which of *muatric*  
and *calumnious* *catastrophe*  
Doh wash the *signs*.

Now if I understand, *Rodrigo*.

Three *cravelles* are *Modish*.

intersect other staffs, each one composed of five lines drawn in many directions, harmonies most sweet will appear before us at each intersection. If we line them up in succession, we will have an infinitude of melodies seemingly diverse. But harmoniously united.

Those elements four . . .  
said to be four they ate a hundred  
I do not understand you . . . Virtues  
By nature, not made attributes  
Which shew the mouth of spirit  
Of the Nine Divinities  
Control the powerlessness  
Of courage, dissipate  
Of emerging multitudes.  
No, no, it is not sure that Bonita  
Brings goodness or brings peace  
Nor that the form precious applies  
Controlling to the admirable  
Incapable shortly  
Of God, yet show the courtesy  
Formulas with which is grasped  
Bifurcate matter,  
Rushing of Tianshi!  
All . . .  
Marsapha Ipu Aripi  
Of Alatun the seragur.  
That I have spoken with a master!  
Hectic, an al-ya-wi—a Moor!  
What I myself did less  
Who from a mass of high  
of the new world the sound  
measuring, endlesly  
multitude and by a thousand  
of intides and Christian praise.

Oh, my friend, this time I will treat of the ay. In order to do so, allow me recourse to your language. The art of rhymed prose does not fare well in my castle. It has palled and agonizes, tho' still lives. May I live for it and then it will guide you, mournful and secret, through the wood wherein resides the art of measuring and scanning ays. You already know that Saint Isidore knows and recommends it in his Etymologies. The art of measuring and scanning pain and calculating the length of groans was used by the ancient Spartans to choose the victor in the jousts of torure which preceded the rite of the black soup. He who resisted pain the longest was crowned king and then when he was surprised in the act of stealing he was not punished. It is not known at what point the art of resisting pain turned into the art of proclaiming it. But those who were capable of measuring it were always honored and respected and they were called woodsmen or grandfathers. They ate only eggs and honey. In order to measure ays, they used threads of the finest silk which they carried from wood to wood tied to the green crozier which distinguished them . . .

I tell you this so that you understand my interest in taking part in the torture to which Catalina Vazques, the trickster nun, was recently put. The poor woman claimed that the Holy Trinity appeared to her every day at the hour of the siesta. She described it in the following manner: she saw a man, older and with a beard, looking at himself in a mirror. The reflection which the mirror showed was that of a most handsome and sweet youth, and a very white light lit them both. Then she said that the older one was God the Father, His reflection was Christ Our Lord, and

What could time, may God forgive our lapses, except of time,  
As a snake springs from the hand of fate  
who tries to pick it up  
makes us happy, but only  
when we leave



FROM THREE SALES A CRY ASIDE  
A MARISSCO COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

ACT I

SCENE I

The power of Rodriguez of Tiana. Enter Rodriguez, dressed as a  
Morisco and Organo, a brother of the Order of Our Lady of  
Misericordia.

Rodriguez: Say . . .

Organo: What you will show me . . . does it delight?

Rodriguez: It makes delight all stiff and straiter.

Organo: Diving;

Rodriguez: Singing . . .

Organo: Response, bounding, bounding,

Forsaking the stage And now delustered

Diffuses prose unbounded

(Pisou of the plotouny and stony)

Tempest of impid glosses;

Spiral Savagie like the river

Into the sea of those our lives

Which are pale and speeching

Silky countouning

Gaining with loss,

And rush toward a curtain

Doubt a curse all swelleth

With tinges and blous,

And ouce contesounding . . .

By virtues castigic

Organo:

the light was the Holy Ghost. The inquisitors saw nothing to be condemned in this delicious allegory except for the detail of God the Father seen from the back. The nun must have realized the disapproval that the image engendered and tried to correct it. And this was her downfall. For she declared that God the Father and His Son were kissing through the mirror and this slightest of allusions to the abominable sin greatly troubled the inquisitors. And they ordered that she be put to the torture. The nun tried to save herself by concocting that the mirror was the Virgin Mary, adding to the abominable sin the suspicion of incest. Then she imagined that the mirror was in the shape of a heart and that the image represented the Immaculate Conception which had taken place in the heart of the Virgin Mary thanks to a puff of breath which God the Father passed to the Son in the kiss contrary to nature. This was much worse, for it added the suspicion of Judaism. She tried to explain that the Son engendered the Father and the Father the Son simultaneously, which was even worse. The torture drove her mad, which put me in some difficulty, because as you know, I am often consulted regarding the depth and dimension of the most diverse ays of pain in the world. In the end, the poor trickster mixed her ays in such a way that the counter of cries must have gotten confused and allowed the limit of three hundred ays prescribed by Father Eimerich as the maximum daily torture to be exceeded, and the poor thing began to rave. I will not repeat what she said, for that is not the point of my rizala, but rather to communicate my discoveries about the cadence of cries. Seeing the torture of Catalina Vazques it became most obvious to me that there are ays which tend toward *a* and others which tend toward *y*. I have composed the following contradiction:

$$a = ay$$

The old man interrupted him immediately, saying, "This was without you think you have invented is me. Only Allah creates from nothing. Then he repeated once again, "There is nothing new."

Without thinking the inventor looked him up and down and prodded him, "It is not new to say there is nothing new."

And so saying he continued the old master, "It seems that the same thing is nothing old just like everything else."

In such wise that now there is nothing new. I am sending you a poem for several voices composed by Abu-Sirayd.

If we replace the  $\alpha$  of the second half of the equation, we get

$$\alpha = (\alpha y)y.$$

If we again replace the  $\alpha$ , we get

$$\alpha = [(\alpha y)y]y,$$

that is, an  $\alpha$  that fades and a  $y$  that goes on to infinity.

If on the other hand we take the exclamation *Ay!* and decide

$$y = \alpha y,$$

whence

$$y = \alpha(\alpha y),$$

thence

$$y = \alpha[\alpha(\alpha y)],$$

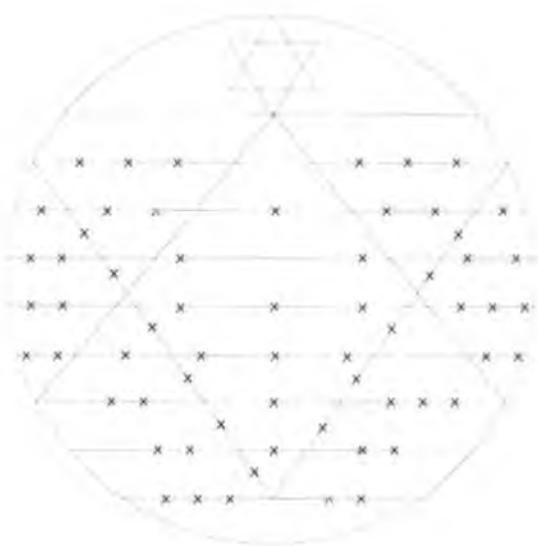
that is, a  $y$  that fades and an  $\alpha$  that goes on to infinity.

And so it is that with these kinds of cabals and cavils we kill time and await death.



You already know that Trajana, that prostitute with the eyes of changing color, lent herself as a model for the Annunciation which Ferrantes painted two years ago. No one could believe it. It is said that Ferrantes worked unawares of this, but I do not believe it. What is certain is that on the day after he finished his painting, Trajana went out into the street proclaiming in a loud voice that she had become a virgin. She was examined by the midwife Maria Mercader, who testified to this before Bishop Nunes. Then Trajana went to Father Hortensio Fugger to confess herself and she seems to have forgotten all her sins. She says she searches and searches in her memory and remembers only gardens of white lilies. The case was sent to the Holy Office which chose not to make any decision, which created stupor. Proofs and counterproofs in the matter were sent to Madrid. But in the meanwhile Trajana disappeared. They found her in Madrid. Diego de Velazquez took her on as a model to represent Spain in his Allegory of the Expulsion of the Moors. There Trajana can be seen dressed as a Roman matron. Then she began to swell great and within a few weeks her embarrassment became obvious. Thirty-three days later she brought into the world a Morisco with curly locks and all his teeth. They say that when he smiles music is heard. He was seen by the Holy Office and the case was hidden from the people for fear that they speak of a new prophet. But the case is not unusual nor is there any miracle here: this Trajana in the meantime as she posed had begun to cry, as the conceit required and as Rippa says she should. She must have swallowed some tears which stuck to her womb and germinated as often

The yellow in its center is like sesame seeds clustered on a plate. And the yellowness not different from the red of the yellow brilliancy of the stars of the rose. ◀



cleverer.

ou the *Astrophaya*, this was the power of the decapitated. Allah is  
soon the tree could no longer be seen standing upon the mountain in  
of heads. Seeing this king ordered that the priest be received  
decapitated. Other workers lost their heads in the same way and  
soon the rest of his sons one by one. And all of them were  
became silly and of good appetite. The king cut off his head and  
this third son *Mashmouna* the *Dal*, the impulsive one, the lover of  
*King* Our Lord ordered them to cut off his head, and sent it to  
and easily and had eyes only for the head. And once again the  
dead. But seeing the head, *Mashmouna* began chastising its praises and  
sent it to his son *Mashqabas* the *Holy*, the Good, the first, the Ever-  
Seeing this Our Lord ordered that his son be decapitated and his  
head falling from the same tree as an example. Thereupon the  
he sent it to his son *Hussain*, but the latter, seeing the wounded  
tree with the head, turned back to cut off the head.  
Seeing this Our Lord ordered that his son be decapitated and his  
head falling from the same tree as an example. Thereupon the  
he sent it to his son *Ibu Hussain*, but the latter, seeing the tree  
fall in love with the head. And he would not bear to cut  
future of those who repented him. They came from afar to hear  
Dou Sanchez sang stories. And these stories were the destroyers  
pegs to sing. With its eyes closed the head of the bandosome  
when the leaves fell, the music was carried and the head  
several flowers were plucked the tree sounded a melody. And in  
waller plucked a flower, the sound of a flute was heard and it  
head nodded a long time. And each time that a  
very quickly grew a tree and the clown was the  
back of *Catim* waters he put it down so it could take root there.  
And the head flowered.

happens. This Morisco is the son of a tear and a painting, as is known to have happened in Byzantium and in Ireland . . .

Then they expelled him to Tunis and his mother became a nun.

Diego de Pineles has returned from Naples and told of the following event, which I pass on to you. A very good friend of his, a painter of still-lif~~e~~s called Andrea da Buti, took him to see a Morisco painter whom they call Sigismund the African. The poor man has gone blind and paints by ciphers and singing. Intervals represent distances and with chr~~O~~maticisms he indicates the color. The subtleties he conveys with flourishes. If he is singing in the hypermyxo-Lydian mode,  $\omega$  is the proslambanomenos,  $\phi$  the hypatchhypaton, and  $\gamma$  the parhypatehypaton; then the interval between the proslambanomenos  $\omega$  and the hypatchhypaton  $\phi$  should be one tone, which means that the apprentices are to draw a curve whose radius, if the circumference were to be completed, would be seven inches. The beginning and the end of each line ~~are~~ marked by silences and the passage from one figure to another by a change of mode. The painting represented eight figures, each of which embodies one mode. There the painter had dictated the face of his friend, but the latter did not recognize himself; on the other hand Pinclos, whom the African had ne~~ver~~ seen, discovered himself kissing Spring on the breast. Some facts are inexplicable.

The child who lost his head at the very moment that his father was decapitated.

And as Ordono and his knights were besieging the fort of Badaxos, they went from castle to castle. And Ordono said to his men that whatever wished to stay should stay as long as they could no more than twelve. And that the rest should leave and bring the news of their sacrifice to Toledo. But someone took him aside and told him that his son Ordono had who had volunteered to stay was his son. Ordono took him aside and ordered him to leave. Since he refused to do this, Ordono would be left in the castle and his son would be left to defend the castle until the battle was over. Ordono delayed his soldiers until after choice but to leave. Ordono delayed his soldiers until noon and one of them said him pointing out the sun was now over easily and almost in one piece. At the moment that Ordono was decapitated, his son said to him, "The headless Ordono was decapitated (Allah's command will), was killing in Toledo. At the exact moment at which his father was decapitated, his head came off and fell to the floor where the pounds were counted. Some of them grasped the head in his hand and ran off into the country, following by Ordono's kinsmen and servants. They could not find him. Whereupon his kinsmen decided that the body should be buried without a head and offered a great reward to whomever could offer such news to it or to the dog, who had devoured it, in which case they should immediately kill it and bury it in a grave of the head. Between the shoulders of Don Sanchez. But the dog walked and ran for days and nights with the

A few months ago, in the theatre company of Prado de la Rosa, there appeared a strapping young lad who said he was a gittern and viola player, a graceful dancer, and a singer and acrobat and who declared that he had learned his skills from some Italian comic actors. He affirmed his name to be Villas or Villegas, and the comics, seeing his many abilities and aptitudes, charged him with various parts in the comedies of their Theatre. He showed proof of discretion and came to be loved by all and hated by only one. His enemy, a Portuguese, one-eyed and ill-featured, sought only spite, warring upon him day and night, but the good Villas took little note of his many affronts and offenses and even seemed thankful to him for the sneers, rancors, jabs and kicks with which he used to welcome him at the start of each performance. This Lusitanian, seeing that he gained nothing by attacking him, feigned to change his attitude and feigned to be his friend and protector. He stuck to him like a shadow and at times even passed the night with him. It was thus that he discovered that Villas never slept and was always fresh and well-disposed. He notified a curate who was a good friend of his and a distant relative and between them they kept watch on him.

They saw one day that the youth took leave of all the others and went outdoors and was lost in a wood. They followed him and discovered that he was wont to hide in a cave. They followed him and surprised him serenading a sleeper. They found nothing worthy of surprise, stupor or scandal except his voice, which seemed to be coming from the viola. In the middle of the song, the

somewhat protected by her smile. Having nothing else to do, the doctors classified the stones while the married women rose up into the sky. She was hidden by a cloud and **Went away with it,** leaving and breathing freely as far as the Kingdom of Navarre where she touched down to earth. The married women entered the convent and her stones were stolen.

Somehow today we find the stones had **become precious** but that it was not easy to classify them for they changed color and taste and it appeared each other very deeply as they saw bubbles with the suns **of stars in Paradise.** And the insects had **poor** taste and in their stead newer words made up sayings of great wisdom and understanding **and a few people** copied them out every week. The next time I will send you a few.

sleeper seemed to awaken and thereupon was *spasma* and scandal, for at the very moment the sleeper opened his eyes, the singer vanished into thin air, leaving behind him something like a cloud or vinegary mist. When questioned, the one who had been sleeping declared that he had been asleep for many months and remembered dreaming of someone singing, and it turned out to be this Villas. He remembered scenes from the comedies which Prado de la Rosa were wont to present, and was able to recognize the Portuguese with no pain or effort. Then he declared he was hungry, devoured a sausage they gave him and drank with great thirst. Then with his hunger sated and half-drunk he fell asleep again.

That very night the young Villas reappeared at the theatre and sang and danced in a comedy of Lope de Vega. Seeing this, the Portuguese and his cousin the curate left during the performance and went to the cave and woke the sleeper, thus hoping to make Villas disappear from the stage in the presence of all, but it did not happen thusly but instead he sang with fuller voice and danced with great grace and charm to the stupor of the ladies.

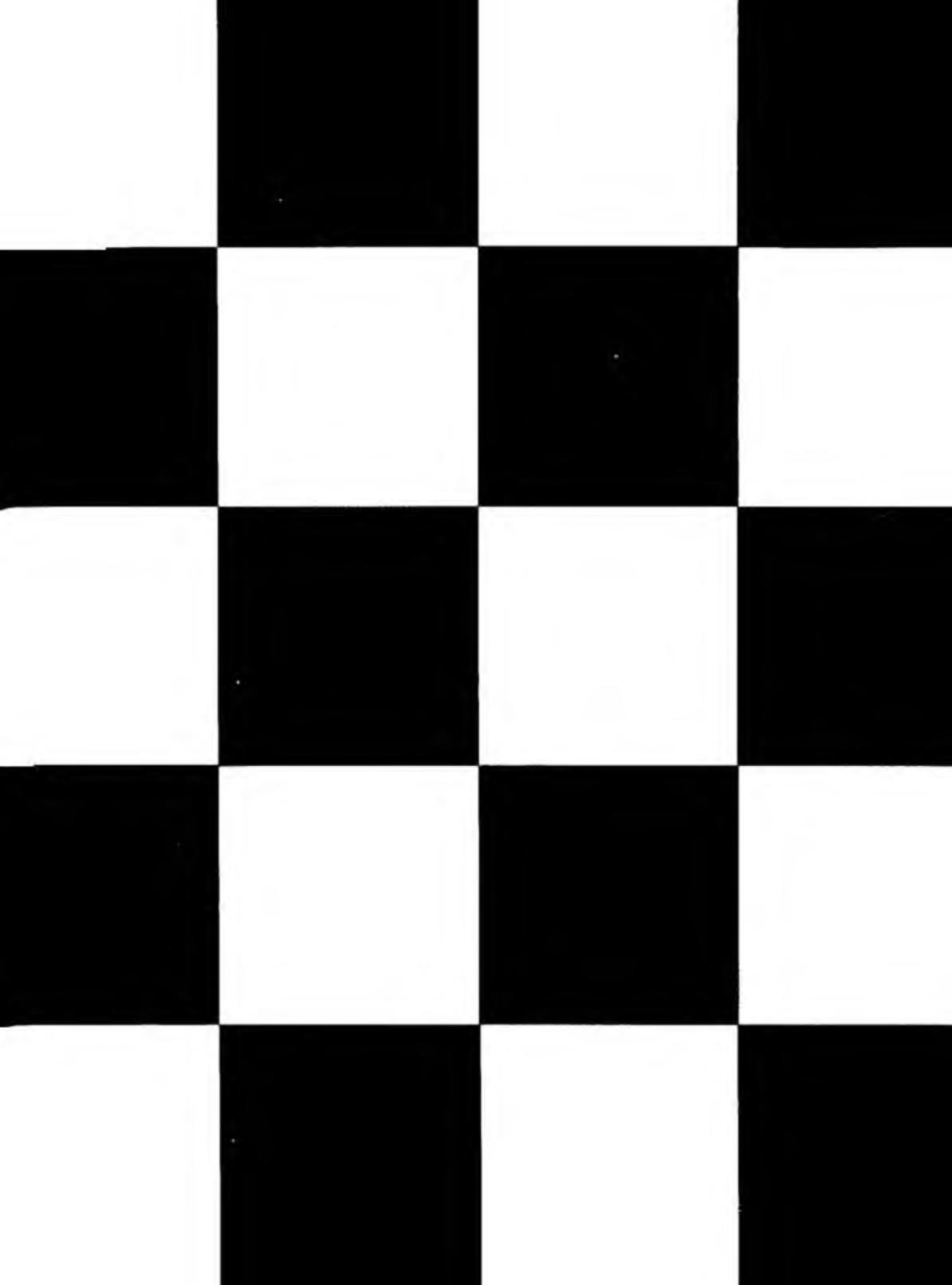
The Portuguese and the curate nonetheless did not renounce seeking faults and defects in their enemy and followed him day and night. They discovered that at times when they lost sight of him he would lock himself in a cellar situated beneath a tavern where the actors were wont to eat and drink. They were able to follow him and surprise him as he was singing to another sleeper. The latter awoke and this Villas again vanished into thin air. This second sleeper declared he had dreamt of the musician and was capable of singing couplets and reciting verses from the comedies.

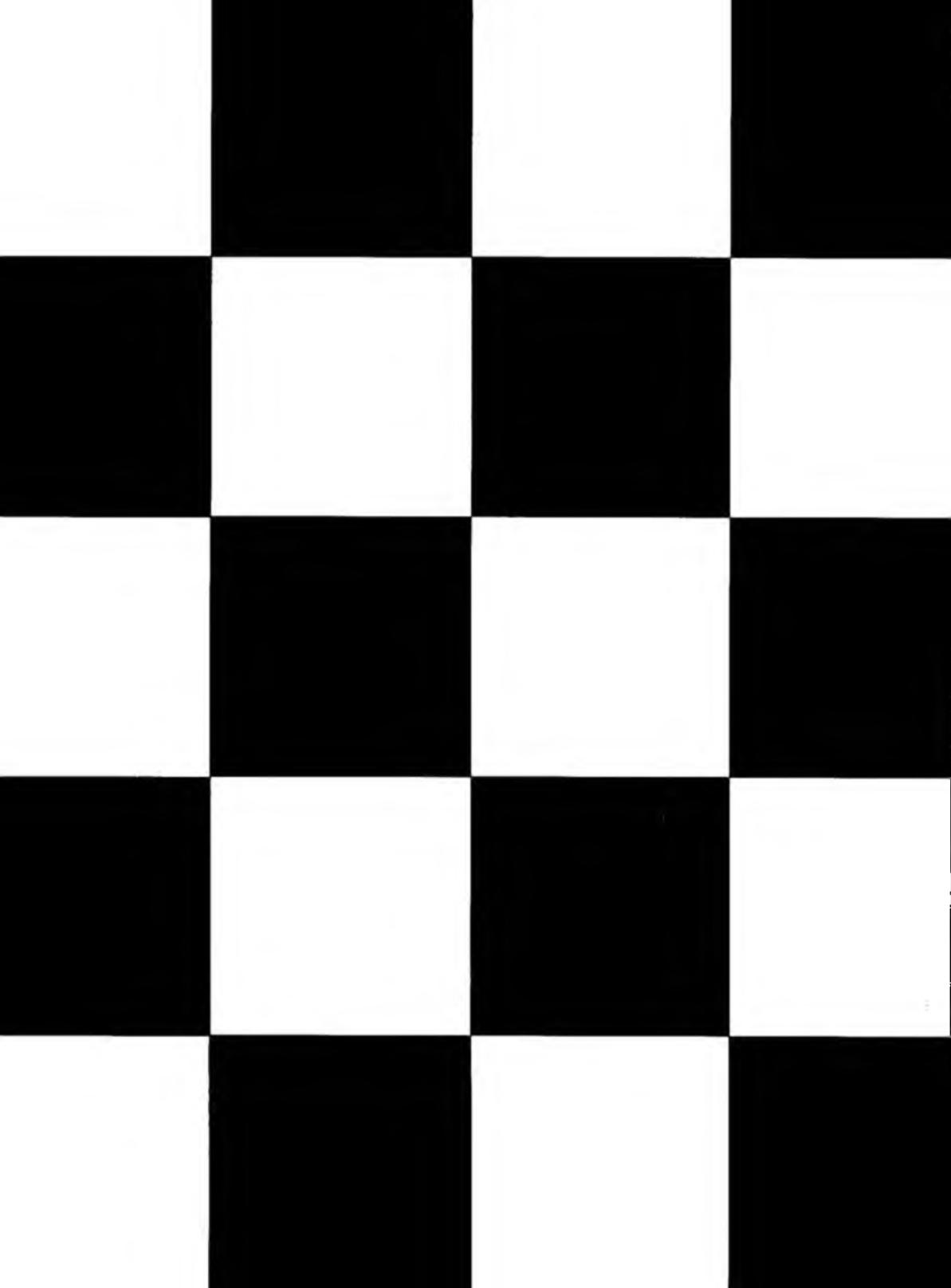
The young man reappeared on the following day. They began following him again and this time they surprised him singing to a

In the ocean of night as the last of the noon-tide was ebbing,  
an eclipse snatched away half the light  
that became like a mirror held by a blacksmith with the red  
heat of the fire fading into the black.



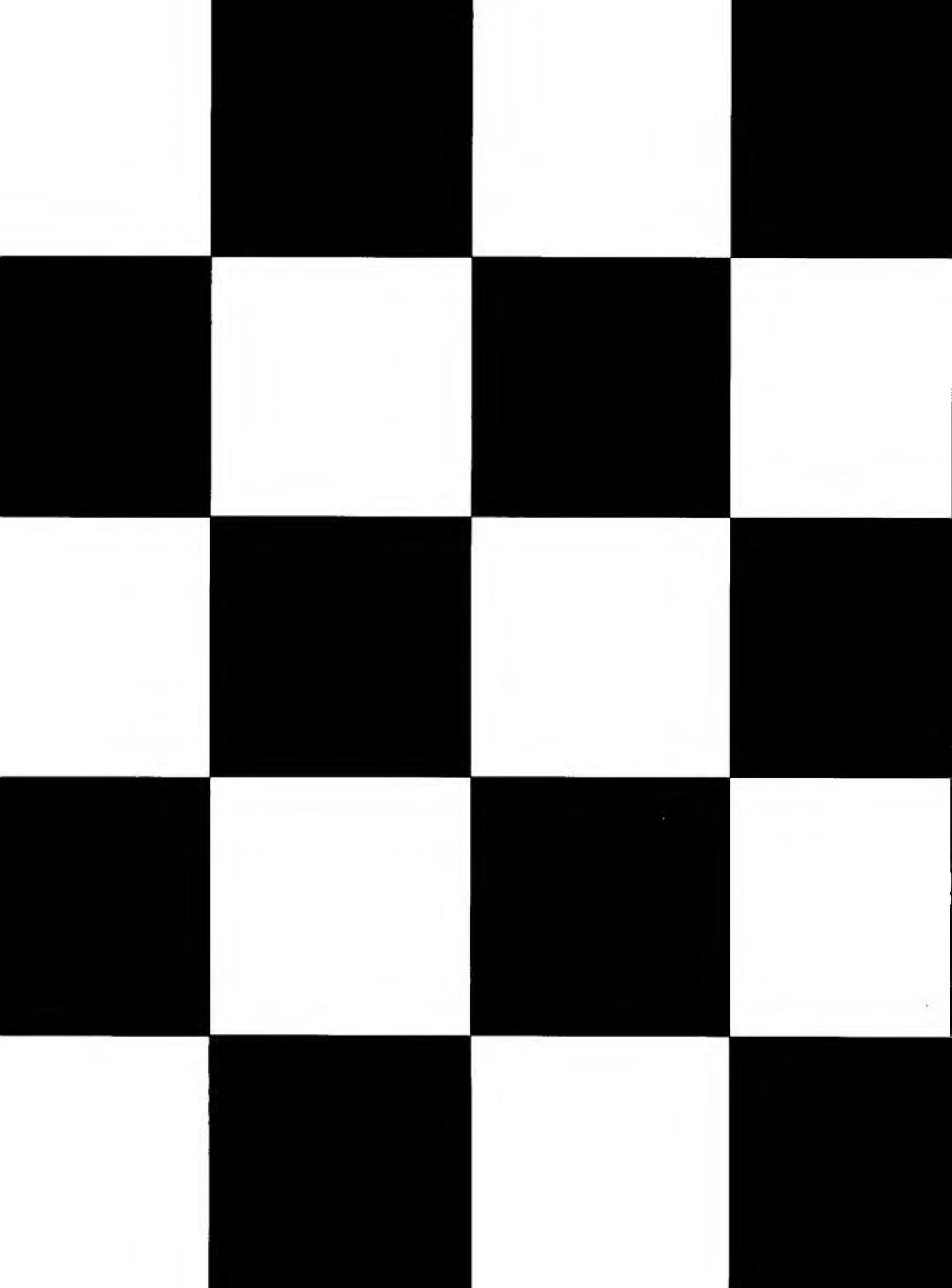


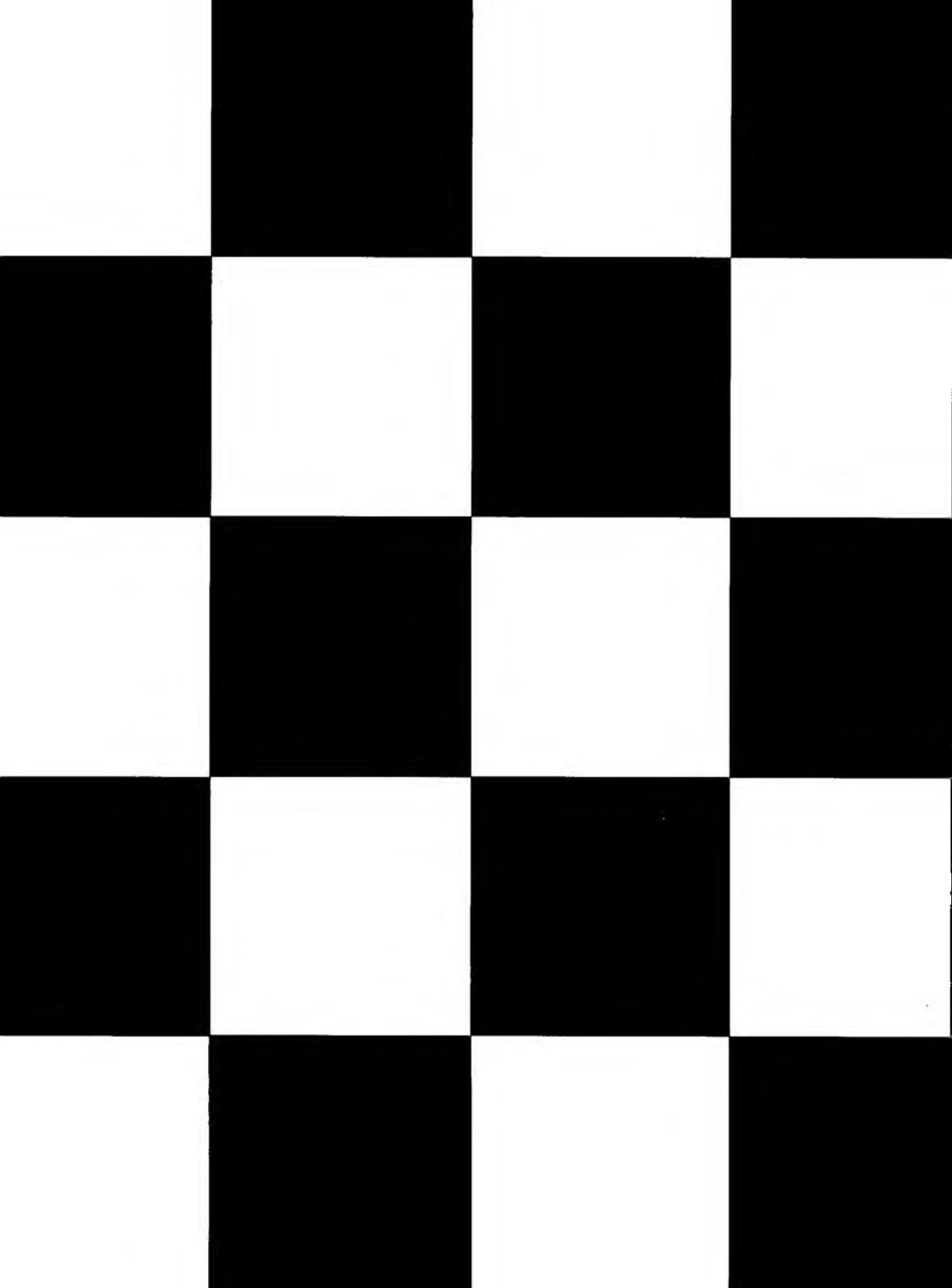




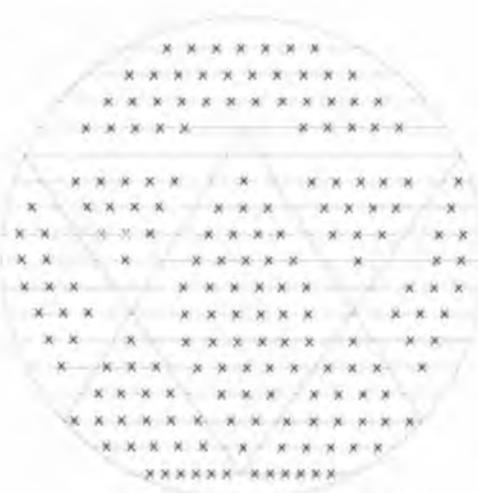












The Jew with the promised inheritance of the pack horse is on his way. This is a copy of Rappi Hallelujah and this is a copy of the mate inheritors of Villenus, which owes much to the writings of you All those of the Wise.

Here it says that the stories of the inheritance of the pack horse are communicated upon in the order in which they turned about the Virgin Mary and this describes an explanation, which is the one I wish to submit to you and reader to you, one I think belongs more to you than to me.

And the Andalusians of Tunis tell us that those stories were told in Hornbeamles at a hundred women. The stories-thieves were given out by carriages which the carriage was driving to a chair in front of the horses which was cut at the very moment at which they were surprised in the act. The hundred had succeeded to the heat of the carriage which was driving to a chair in front of the horses which were standing still, almost balanced on a single wheel. One carriage which were square and simple, had suddenly with obstinately vicious so long that you can hardly measure time with them and the horses became continually. They set the carriage down on top of a mountain. They cast stones at her with one voice. But they say the married woman was a devotee of the Virgin Mary. They then exclaiming harshly that instead of striking her the stones passed to turn about her and, polished by the blessed stones which held them apart, became precious stones of rare and precious which held them apart, became precious stones, of rare and sumptuous color. Some inheritors came to see her and when they arrived the married woman was leaving, now collected and

sleeping widow whom they had given up for lost and who was already half-dead. He awakened her with his song. Again he vanished into thin air. The situation repeated itself no fewer than twenty times. The curate notified the Holy Office and they had him interrogated without finding anything with which they could reproach him, so great was the talent he showed, and he alleged and proved he was a native of Alcala de Henares and that he was a good son and he thought one day he would enter the convent and it could not be proved that he did not sleep. At the same time the curate and the Portuguese were put to the torture whereupon they lost their desire to follow their purpose, which was to lose that Villegas.

It is said that at the end of that year there arrived one day people come from diverse parts of Spain and Italy who attended the performance in the outdoor theatre of Rosas and fell asleep before the end of the second act. Thereupon Villas sang and danced, and they came to, but the young man did not vanish into thin air as one might expect, but rather, mouthing cries he began to yawn, to the great scandal of the public, and then he fell asleep and all the sleepers, who were three hundred sixty-six in number, like a leap year, vanished into thin air. And the young Villegas still sleeps and it is believed that he will never again awaken.

He is very ill and will surely die in the coming week.

And sawing this he tried to put out the other's eyes, put a  
burning piece of pine wood.  
The Magician let out a Cackle.  
—It is certain that even in the lips of a poor man, a smile or a  
true man, sedition can reside.  
And when looking at his Knives, he said, There is nothing  
more dangerous than the words of a poor man. His sedition  
rides sedition.

And with his own hands he cut off the head of the Faqir.

The stones of the married woman which reflect each other remind me of a treatise on physics of Moses Cardoso in which he claims that nature is composed of atoms which are like precious stones and which diligently copy each other changing their *nature* and engendering ideas for beings which hylé copies, and these atoms seem to him a better explanation than that of the Sefiroth, which may be *sO*, but then Origen said the dignities of God are variable in number and not fixed, as Raymond Llul (who believes they are ten) would have it, and this is so because they are all contained in each one and they expand at divine instance and the monk Johann of Tübingen believes that they are not like ideas but exemplary facts and that they serve as models for worldly facts and that these are of two *types*, fecund and infecund. You see that the dispute drags on.

You will not need your own. Be plain.  
 And now  
 This desert is part of one continuous ridge.  
 Those people are eyes  
 See is eyes. These eyes are looking at you. This part tree is an eye;  
 —What you see you are seeing without your eyes. All you  
 Then he looked at his eye situated between those two worlds  
 already concentrated and disunited. He summarized them to the  
 center of this one universe and in this wise ordered the stars,  
 planets, and stones. The trees and the plants.  
 At the same time he fixed his gaze on the Magdalene.  
 He first considered this right eye. He concentrated his atten-  
 tion on the center of that sky. There he fixed on the point around  
 which all the stars of that universe must needs turn. Then he  
 looked at the left eye. He again concentrated his attention on the  
 center of that new universe and in this wise ordered the stars,  
 planets, and stones. The trees and the plants.  
 Then he looked at his eye situated between those two worlds  
 already concentrated and disunited. He summarized them to the  
 center of this one universe.  
 The Magdalene looked round him. Everlasting seemed new to  
 him.  
 —What you see you are seeing without your eyes. All you  
 see is eyes. Those eyes are looking at you. This part tree is an eye;  
 But it is an eye looks at softer eye, it devours and is devoured.  
 It digests and is digested, it vomits and is vomited.  
 Within an eye there is no room for another eye.  
 Thus the snake, devouring him with his eyes.  
 Then Ihu Matum looked fixedly upon the Magdalene. He fixed his  
 gaze in the center of that sky, the back eye of that one-eyed man  
 of the desert.

The Fakir heard and said nothing.  
 At the same time he fixed his gaze on the Magdalene.  
 He first considered this right eye. He concentrated his atten-  
 tion on the center of that sky. There he fixed on the point around  
 which all the stars of that universe must needs turn. Then he  
 looked at the left eye. He again concentrated his attention on the  
 center of that new universe and in this wise ordered the stars,  
 planets, and stones. The trees and the plants.

Within an eye there is no room for another eye.  
 This part tree is an eye looks at softer eye, it devours and is devoured.  
 It digests and is digested, it vomits and is vomited.  
 Within an eye there is no room for another eye.  
 But it is an eye looks at softer eye, it devours and is devoured.  
 Everlasting is smaller than the eye that looks, an eye that can suffer  
 a castle, a city enter through it.

It is said: there are large eyes and small eyes. It is said:  
 Everlasting is smaller than the eye that looks, an eye that can suffer  
 a castle, a city enter through it.

## Relics

Villalón in his Peregrinations tells us that a tailor from the Jewish quarter in Rome told him the following story.

. . . And it having been decided that the relics would be provisionally deposited in the central wing (of the Escorial) where the library was to be, a madman got in and having hid in some scaffolding he spent the night there and at dawn he managed to slip away without anyone noticing him and he carried off all the relics in a sack. And His Majesty having ordained that he be sought and found in any wise possible they beat about, with twelve hundred soldiers of the garrison taking part and all the friars and many women and they took dogs to scent out the relics and it was ordained that forty-three water-bearers would make their way from the convent chapel with two barrels of altar wine and twenty-seven of holy water and that all this was transported on every part with the water-bearers deployed in a circle and sprinkling the holy water in all directions and thus watering the earth in the hope of thus helping the said relics to be found promptly. And they found them after two days of seeking, and the relics, stowed tight and close in the sack, had served the madman as a pillow and as a consequence his head shone like a sun, and His Majesty ordained that he be sprinkled with holy water and in this wise his head was extinguished and he recovered his reason and they say he entered the convent of the Benedictines where he is doing penance.

minutes moruning out far from Seville. A bassaut woman found it  
figure and discovering its longness she used it as a depilatory. It  
circulated from hand to hand, passing the lifelines of all the  
women. Then the wind carried it off. I know that many things  
happened, but I have forgotten them.

But you, my friend, would like to know what I think and  
about the use of the veil. I know that the Christians prize it and  
hold it up as an example. But the Apostle recommends it.  
Terrillian exalts it.  
But it is not certain.

There is only one **evil**, the plane veil which affects lips and nos-  
trils. Of it I will tell you on another occasion.

But after a time another madman once again stole the relics, and having been seen fleeing through the countryside by a certain cretin by **t**he name of Simon, and whom His Majesty loves and respects, this time was able to be found quite easily, and His Majesty ordained that he be bathed in **holy** water, but he did not recover his reason. And they say that sometimes the demon is stronger and other times weaker. . . .

And in order to avoid further thefts His Majesty ordained that there should be a permanent guard **wat**ching over the relics, but it was of little use, for one of the guards, inspired by the demon and crazed from having eaten some blood sausage, opened the caskets in which the relics lay and scattered them on the ground, and laid out in this fashion the relics formed a **h**uman body from which only the male member was missing, and seeing this the guard cut off his own and laid it among the relics and this set the bells of the region to ringing with**O**ut anyone tolling them. And there was stupor and spasma. But not content with this the maddened guard stole into the monastery and very carefully emasculated seven friars while they slept and then went to sleep himself. But while he slept, the several male members, creeping like the snakes, went **u**nto him and penetrated him through the navel and the eye (so as not to sin) and devoured his entrails. And His Majesty having ordained that these penises should be examined closely it was **diS**covered that each had two rows of twenty-seven little teeth on top and seventy-four beneath, wondrous to see. And as they were being examined and holy **wat**er poured on them, the penises decomposed into caterpillars and then turned into butterflies. This is the truth.

As-Sarisi says, and it must be true, that the story of the pride  
 evil and the cruel Sultan Muhammed must have happened otherwise  
 had not in Africa put in Persia, but the suspense and savour give  
 it value and pleasure. I heard it years ago and I do not know if I  
 will be able to satisfy your desire and tell it to you and therefore  
 now.

It is said, then, that Sultan Muhammed, who punished by cutting  
 the body in two leaves and scattering the parts, the master of  
 white ants, the choicer, received the pain well from the hands of  
 one of his victims. He was already holding it in his hands when  
 the body of the latter had been cut clean and his parts were  
 travelling through the canals of the faeces. The evil, made of  
 snow-worms, devoured as it in waste scattering and attracted the  
 winds. The Sultan picked it up and he presented it to one of his  
 wives. To think him, the poor thing wished to show it off to the next  
 day. That night the woman of the harem discovered that the belly  
 had increased the month of the Sultan's favour. The Sultan ordered  
 the other women to use it and in each case the belly lessened till  
 months and years. It soon became known that Sultan Muhammed the  
 Great possessed a secret which women without number. This to  
 look, promised to hear songs. This minute pattern caused talk and the  
 Sultan had to keep it secret in books or spoke of.

He killed a great many people. All who spoke ill were  
 execrated in the presence of the four hundred women without  
 months.

Until the day the belly was carried off on a sumpter please.  
 They saw it in fly off into the distance and up to the sky. The  
 astromancers noted it and Hassan ibn Karibah for a time flew  
 along with it and was slain. Then it softly fell to earth one

His Majesty being absent, a certain Lucas Cueto was presented to the High Chamberlain. This was an eight-year-old child from whose **n**ostrils bubbles would spew forth at any time. They say that these bubbles do not burst immediately, are orange, somewhat golden, and can be caught in one's hand, and in each of them the king can be seen from the back. And to burst them one must **need**s have recourse to fire, and then they sigh and draw tears from whosoever listens. And the child is a dolt and does not wish to see the king for fear that he no longer make the bubbles which he calls his eyes. Seeing this all the fools of the palace fell to their knees uttering exclamations and asked to eat and drink. But the child did not wish to eat and says he is afraid he will no longer make bubbles. And he confessed that it is not the king that he wishes to see in his bubbles but his mother, who has been dead for years, a peasant woman named Pareja.

islands, and there they were hunting with dogs. Afterwards they were forced to abandon themselves and they did so in the only language they know, that of Phisiles. The natives of these islands which they call the Canaries, have kept the language but have forgotten the rest. The easiest on sight was recorded by a conqueror of the islands who brought it back to Tunis, where the manuscript is now lost. Everyone would like to know what happened to the lost language because it put them under a curse. They can not become the wisest if they do not learn it, because in the Canary Islands and the parts seem to forget it, because they say that entirely they have killed the birds and have devoted themselves to writing prayers with leaves.

There arrived with several months' delay the three-legged guinea-hens which they had ordered in Flanders and which come from Thule. Apart from their three legs they caused no amazement at the beginning, but when ~~t~~hey began to cackle everyone made the sign of the cross, for they were clucking noises of battle and in them could clearly be heard the poems of combat the Moors used to shout as they fought. And a Morisco who was present and whose name is Pedro Nunes translated them and almost all tell of the same river which is the Guadalquivir. And it seems they announce portents and prodigies which this Pedro Nunes did not wish to translate, but they must be evil for the next day he ran off to Venice and turned Jew. This is the truth.

From the transcriber of the treatise on poems cuts and incisions,  
I have selected for you those sentences and sayings which will  
come into your hands when you have printed this missive  
(manuscript). You will find what we owe the first transcriber of the  
discourse on surgery by a wise man from Asia Haspin and that in  
order to write it he first had to walk in the desert, suffering  
himself to be carried towards it by a lone wiseman who before  
him and said Show me the way. This wise man went before  
himself of himself to his master and said to the  
master that the city of bones is situated by a wise man who  
lives in it and takes to the dance, as the simple folk call  
these holy men, dance being the movement of spirits.

Between the very vast walls of the places without end.  
The readers of the dance transcribe it into writing and have  
invented a language which expresses itself via warbles and rills  
which deliciously fix the terrible terrors of the metropolis of  
cities. In the center of this city, in the middle of this Medina of  
cities, there dwelt, between peasants and flocks, the summits of  
teak trees and memorials which incessantly move ment of the  
vipers and snakes so that they do not have the time to enter into the region of the  
points so curiously traced, put on the contrary extract from the  
better practical techniques. Thanks to these, the traces of surgery  
by wise men recorded us . . .

These takis pray daily with faith with luminous and imperceptible  
hands which the Power of One guides and weave wings most light  
of poison, and when they finally finish these wings of  
priests, they attack them to their bodies, and since they are not  
strong enough to fly and as they fly they write.

A group of takis was carried off by sea to the

The vomiter of crosses from Cuenca of whom we have already spoken was presented to the court. He is neither tall nor short and vomits some very small crosses which can barely be seen. Today he has vomited four times and they kept him at the palace so that he would vomit for the Ambassador of France, who they say has a servant who vomits flowers. And they wished to hold a tourney between the croser and the floral. And they have been vomiting afresh. His Majesty asked that the vomits be accompanied by music. But the vomiter of crosses makes some very ugly sounds and which are farts. The marvel is that these farts are perfumed, like violets, while on the other hand, the vomiter of flowers, although he makes no noise, exudes excrement, to where even the flowers stink and this was displeasing and the King ordained that he vomit his flowers in the garden.

This very day, while he was vomiting flowers, the man from Cuenca died suddenly. The crosses turned to powder and they say they can be used to make gold. But no one has seen this and I do not believe it.

But the story of Saint Lazarus and Asmodeus continues . . .

One, a sinner in her youth and with big eyes, came when she saw the evil of the world. They say that her crying attracted the crowds and made it rain. They asked for her in towns where there was drought and, not wishing to be the instrument of trouble, she went off to the desert where ascetics and hermits dwelt down to cry, feeding on her own tears.

One day, soon after these events, a basin tree that was the pride of the oasis called El Oassis, began to move before the eyes of all. It seemed to move lost in the desert and it was impossible for the knights who were following it to catch up with it, even though it moved slowly; it always remained at the same distance from the cavalry in spite of the fact that many times they ran at it from many directions whipping their horses like unto the death.

The basin tree grew to the boy whom a prophet had sent with its shadow. And from its dates, as it grew, raised high in the sky. Many pilgrims gathered to drink of the water of the tree that ran. But the saint took up his abode there to give thanks to Allah for his many gifts.

At that time, out far from there, outside Saint Marvin's castle, there was a knight, because so light that the wind carried her off and snatched her in the air, but she made no noise of the miracle but to thank Allah and then set about her journey and because she was still sufficient to be carried to where the basin tree was and once she left the wind began to blow softly around her, making her turn weightlessly around the other saint. And neither of the two said anything to this miracle, but immediately continued meditating and giving thanks to Allah.

The have since died.

No one has made much ado about the starry whales which have floated three dayS and three nights above the palace, and it was from having heard so much about them that when they appeared they were no longer a novelty. They low like cows and were made up of some stArs which go on and off, and one cannot fix a gaze on them because they blind. You would think they were woven in Flanders. They seem intelligent, but they are only forms and are neither phan tasms nor monsters. These whales are following a royal hare whom no one has been able to catch.

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We are the moons in the darkness of the night



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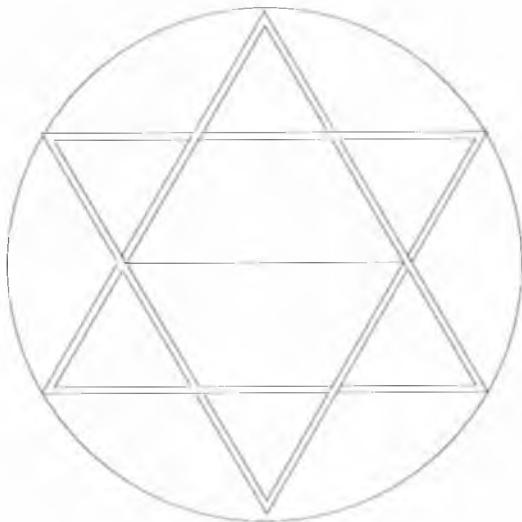
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the air the beacon waves that are a figure of the pleasure of the sea of the soul.

The eye that looks beyond the veil. The demon leads certain men to copy the creation of Allah, and thus to pass it by seeking to imitate it. This is sin. The sinner is easily recognized because his **mind**, when examined by the light of a lamp, are slightly recastangular or triangular depending on the case. For the student, the circle, and the triangle are the elements by which all vision is passed.

Other cases.

**Blue eyes.** The worst color: **Hydrocissic.**

**Bulging eyes:** **Sinfulness, lax, dissolute.**

**Elongated eyes:** **Pervasive.**

**Reddish eyes:** **Vision and decided.**

He whose eyes are tightly and sharply-looking; a spirit and a raiser.

He whose eyes scan from left to right; a plashemer and of evil sentiments.

He who always looks beyond you to someone we do not see is already dead. Kissing this hand is dangerous.

IPAL-RAS

They brought to the palace a man who says he urinates further than anyone. They showed him to the King and the latter asked him for a *demonstration*. The man asked him to set an object at any distance he liked and His Majesty ordained that a pot be set two leagues distant. And urinating, the man filled it to the half. And one of those present, wishing to make a joke, asked if he was capable of urinating as far as Rome and the man urinated into the air and it seems that recently Their Majesties received a missive from the Ambassador to the Vatican in which he relates *that* it rained urine on the Dome of Saint Peter's, causing stupor and spasma. And His Majesty ordained that that man, Soares by name, be forbidden from urinating afar.

I look at you so that you will look at me.  
 I look at you it is strange to suppose you.  
 I sometimes look now with eyes that take you prisoner  
 I look at the book of yours life situation just preceding  
 your page.

And Upaya

The beauty looks; the one that looks at bunched! sources or  
 extremities and strains the eyes—that strain is visible to any good  
 physiognomist. To observe on the strain (contractions), the sunken  
 shoulder waist for the beginning of the new moon. The breastnut  
 should keep his eyes closed until the full moon. In this way the  
 strains of the winter of fruits, will support the importunities of the  
 eye.

A futile glance during the sexual act physically disrupts the  
 child-to-pe. Thus Ipu Hassu (in the Neckband of the Dove)  
 recalls the case of a black child of two white parents;  
 after consulting the physiognomist they found out that the black  
 boy of one of the slaves, left near the door, had entered the too  
 curious mother through her eyes, infecting her progeny.

The eye that reads the world. There exist two types of looking  
 one which looks and sees the evil of things (sensations) and  
 another that reads and sees only transcurrent reality (the eye of  
 perception). But when the soul applies to see only with the eye of  
 perception, looks over the world with his gaze, he does not see the  
 world, but reads it. In this case, the eye sees the sense capable from  
 right to left and the public rise and fall softly, simply drowning in

Last Thursday, after having prayed with Their Majesties and having eaten a great deal, the cretin Maria Lopes set to shouting that there were only Moors. As Their Majesties hold her in high esteem and believe everything she says, they asked her the *Wh*erefore of such a claim and the cretin pointed with her little finger to four soldiers of His Majesty's guard, repeating, Those are disguised and relapsed Moors. His Majesty immediately ordained them to be arrested and put to the torture. But then he countermanded, understanding that there are times when even cretins are inspired by the demon. And they say that now the cretin goes about shouting that in Spain there are only Moors and she already has followers. And His Majesty has ordered that the case be examined by the Inquisitor Bartolomé Mal Aguila.

roads that cross; I will be nothing more than the point at which four paths meet; I will be nothing more, even much less than a little mark. I will not even be a stir, a clipper, a dot. But perhaps Allah (a thousand times blessed) has allowed me to draw nigh unto you, pleased shadows, me without hope, and gives me a tongue, speech, and voice (applest posture and full of bitterness). And I **O** we you witness of the season for His gloominess (for He the Pious, the Merciful, bairous). The day of the circumcision (God curse the world), the moon cast its light on me, creating me covered in my center, but pleased on my borders. A silver light it was, the light of the crescent moon, a light which turns all shadows. That moon shows forth, showing my form, all wickedness, and my soul entirely joyous.

And when the light shadows interlocked and said, I am the shadow of the ass of the moon, the shadow of the blessed, of the Proper ass of the future which is to visit Paradise bearing the Proper God give him a thousand gifts.

And with one voice the five shadows began chattering彼此 to each other. (With one voice, not many, to one God, not three.)

His Majesty ordained that seven crosses be made from wood brought from Jerusalem. And a boat loaded with such logs having landed in Seville, they took and delivered them to the master-carpenters Pedro Martines and Jacobo Vela and the said carpenters set to work but they had to cease immediately for they had begun to laugh and on being interrogated they said that the sawdust from the wood tickled them and brought back memories. And after the crosses were finished His Majesty ordained that a procession be made by night around the convent and all the faithful began to laugh during the procession and they say it was from the wood, which was used to crucify the Evil Thief. And that its sawdust makes one laugh. The King had the crosses burned and the smoke formed an egg in the air from which sprouted wings without a body. And they say that they are still laughing in the Escorial, but now much less than before. The King has gone off, since much laughter gives him the colick.

humger and which flies inside men and this the blood and  
ignites the humors. The shadow of sorrow and misery, a life  
bodyerà and scarce put fixed in its center I am the shadow which  
makes one silly. I invite to patients and keep away sleep and  
tickle the nostrils.

This spoke the third shadow: I am the shadow of Christ on  
the moon which was cast during the sermon in which He spoke  
and taught his doctrine (maz God bless Him and restore him to  
Him). I am the shadow which pit the earth, which caused its  
earth made of earthly origin of uncontested longer a less. The  
form that Christ (Isa)—pleased be He—suspended in time, and  
the shadow that causes the plants and flowers to wax  
and wane continually following the figure of His creation. And  
that the sun (maz God be it) and most sweet wind which  
separates His words is and shall be the music of the dance of the  
powers, and that the ear which sought to protect itself from the  
heat of the sun and sought that shadow where concentered cool  
and clarity. And the sensible shadow with the arts and the  
pens which found themselves pleased by sweet shade (the  
imminous darkness beside which all light is put darkness and  
plindness). These creatures now come with me and follow me  
because God (the One, the Adorable) thus ordered said Christ too  
was able to wish it (maz God restore His gifts on Him).

And the fourth shadow said, I am the black look of sorrow. I  
am the wicked figure of the Cross blundered and defiled by the  
followers of Pope Urban the Frenchman (maz God damn him and  
dry up his soul and never forgive him and make him purify). I  
am the shadow of the Cross, borne by that sulfur (maz he be  
damned) and that companion the Cid (maz punishing not sulfur). I  
am ashamed of my figure and my sins. I do not deserve. My words  
will be forgotten; I will be despised more than the image of two

And this has happened recently. On the second Sunday after Pentecost, the Benedictine Father Antonio Soler began railing in the middle of the Mass and on being asked the reason did not wish to say or explain anything and asked for Confession, which was given immediately. And after confessing himself he now seem calmed ~~but~~ on the following day he began to utter a cry every four steps he took and they called a doctor who examined him. And it appears that this man, without having any evil thoughts or desires, was ejaculating each time he took more than four ~~S~~teps and this disturbed him and made him cry out.

They gave him compresses and enemas but to no effect. And for the last few weeks he ~~ha~~s been saying Mass while shouting and wherever he goes he always takes along with him a pot which he fills several times a day with seminal fluid and His Majesty the King has gone to see him and by common agreement they ordained that he be castrated but it has got worse and now he suffers permanent ejaculation. The day before yesterday he was given ~~n~~ Extreme Unction. Now he no longer cries out but groans and in groaning makes use of three notes. And His Majesty ~~ordained~~ that with these notes the master of the royal chapel Juan de Zárate compose a Te Deum. And so it shall be done.

Bi-smi-Lîslâh-i-Rahmânî-Râhîmî. The pistoile and tale of Abu Iblîs-Öalisas and Iblîs of Isâ (Aleyhim li salâmat!). And the teller segregation that Isâ, Pound Iblîs (in Paradise) and second that this Baîti Isâials sađen He usually was poor or scarce for Allah (Allah!) on this country and indeed, and precious is-krumups that this nation though pleased in His segregation and arrangement much material gain to Isâ, and whence Isâ in the C (Sâl-i-İlahîn alâyhi was-salâtûr) returning and claimed that this is swâ, He pedache of His scholars much like Isâials told i-sacret holden be duryakken and gave truth that all taxicon a gâwundîn on them more. And sellende truth that this can in the place where Maria (Tâparâks was segregation was wedded well some and experience. And the sacrifices of the Y-sacret, shâkînâgâwây the such and bounder of the Lodge, cibebende tâlepikâdas and with great number preched that wind-swept and novel, made of language and chapters. The sun cast me against the wall of the temple, and there I will pass to live until I am destroyed by the farther of my farther.

And the second shadow said, I am the shadow of Christ, the one which stayed and lived at the house where the marisage feast at Cusus was held. I hold in my hands the shadows of a lost and and a fish. I am the shadow that comes in through the eyes and through the mouth. The shadow that is eaten, that feeds nuceasingly and which sends its breath into the bellies of the righteous who fast in the desert. I am the shadow which saves

As some soldiers were making their nightly rounds, they found some forty of the 'weary' who they say were coming to offer a votive to Saint Esculapius and that this votive consisted of running without stopping, making ever greater circles. The weary come from Catalonia and do not stop their plaints. One of the soldiers wished to hold them but they paid no heed to what was shouted to them, which was that for the love of God and in the name of Our Lord the King they halt and give an account and explanation of their strange behavior. Thereupon they fired three volleys at them, two into the air and the third at their persons and four fell, but they say that badly wounded and bleeding they could barely manage to rise and run, only to fall again a little further, get up again, and so on to the death.

And now two monks are running in circles about the cloister which is wondrous to see and it seems they never tire and declare that Saint Esculapius has appeared to them in their dreams and has ordered them to run about in circles and has promised them weal and salvation. And it seems that this Saint Esculapius is not the saint after all but the pagan god Æsculapius and that the demon took his shape and is giving these orders and that the weary are appearing everywhere, and even as far away as Flanders a battallion of the weary began to run about in the middle of a battle and contaminated the enemy. The heretics proved to be better runners than our own and went off running all the way to Galicia and even further. And now hundreds of the weary awaken in the middle of the night and begin running. But it is not running but rather like dancing. But now they have left and have never been heard from again. They must have died . . .

—You are misstaken, said the fear of stars, if you think I come  
well and crise. What I come is the occultness which they ride. A  
nothing without power, a dense and trivial thought without  
thoughts that are to be. My thought is very different. My thought  
enters and insinuates thoughts and fixtures them with  
doubts. My thought becomes small and invisible because one  
between two atoms, and with an invisible spectator one  
from the other. Other times my thought becomes so great that no  
one sees it. They think it distance, and when one least expects it, it  
passes tamely in the shadow of the space who does not wish to  
kiss you. And you must suffer and cry out for death.

—I do not fear the fear of stars, retorted the fear of birds. In  
my country it is believed that stars are teeth and that the heavens  
smile. That the infinite shadows die of laughter waiting to be  
painted at the stake of life sun.

—In my country on the other hand, it is said that stars are  
death-heads made of sugar.

—I mind it is said that stars are tears, said the other.  
—In mine that they are nightmares which rear at the heart of  
God.

—In mine it is said that they are very small and this is why  
they shrink.

—In mine that they are the eyes of those that sleep.  
—In mine that they are needles which knit destinies.

—In mine that they are birds.  
The dispute, my friend, lasted all night and only the draw  
dissipated in along with my dream.

Ferrantes will never again paint those sets of four paintings on the walls of *a* room, in the style of a cassone. It is because he has gone mad. The Duke and Duchess of A. had charged him with the decoration of one of the salons of their winter palace. There they asked him to paint allegories of the four seasons. As is his custom the painter set to executing the four paintings at the same time. And he must have got confused, for it was raining in all of them. The Duke and Duchess, seeing this, feared a second World Deluge and ordered the painter to desist but the *latter* paid no heed. He painted a well and through it all the water from the rains that the poor man had put so much art into representing quickly ran off. Without Ferrantes' moving a finger, the trees dried up and the hills lost their verdure. The matrons grew thin and the children grew old and died of hunger. They say that by the end of the year, there were only skeletons in the painting and it rent the heart to see this. Finally they decided that Ferrantes should continue the work. The latter painted a pig in each season. It struck the Duke and Duchess as strange that the pigs were old. It was this fact that opened their eyes. Whoever paints pigs old does so because he does not eat them. It is in this wise that it was discovered that Ferrantes was a relapsed Jew. They wished to put him to the torture but he paid no heed for he had gone mad years ago, although no one had discovered it until then. They say that even death at the stake made him laugh.

My soul said to me, Death has come to  
Be quiet, I said. Does one take provisions to the generous One  
who are still in this sea of sin  
provided for the journey



My friend, your fear of the stars made me smile, not from scorn but from nostalgia. This fear brought back the memory of another fear very much my own and of long standing, almost dead. For years I feared birds which fell from the sky. I never feared the fall of the stones of the night nor the darkness of the moon. But I did fear birds. I saw them fall dead, tumbling to dust pecking at the plague of crows of battle. Above all, I feared my fear. I feared it so much that one day I saw it incarnate. The fear of birds descended in black was walking, eyes closed. It was crackling and hissing its lungs.

Last night I dreamed of it and I was not afraid of it. I could not be afraid of it because a fear incarnate affects incompliments and tries to itself. It incarnates them and makes them laughable.

My friend, you must know that in my dream the fear of birds was knocking at my door. I did not want to open, but a servant of the household, a Christian slave whom I did not know, without had never seen, suddenly went over to open the door. Without knowing him, I divided him to be the fear of stars. It was your own fear incarnate in my dream, which to my surprise was welcoming the fear of birds.

Here is what they said to each other

—Seeing you in the doorway of the poet's house, I can only say the fear of the stars this. The stars ate the fire of the sun; they ate the seeds of the infinite. But what the birds? They ate nothing; they ate the seeds and criss.

—You are mistaken, replied the fear of birds. You ate mistaken in scaring the bird. The bird separates and flies. Nature itself is a bird. And this bird likes to ride.

They presented to Their Majesties a dog who sings xácaras, and accompanied by musicians, sings and dances so excellently well it is splendid to watch. But Their Majesties spoke to him and he answered and they asked his master how this could be, that to sing was already quite good, but to speak was something diabolical and the man had to confess that the dog was not a dog but a boy disguised as a dog. And Their Majesties ordained that his pelt be removed and they discovered a naked dwarf and His Majesty ordained that he be given forty lashes. And while they were flogging him the dwarf began to bark and he began to grow hair and became a dog in front of everyone.

And informed of this His Majesty ordered him to be called and he asked him why, being a dog, he wanted to dress up as a dog but the dog answered not with words but barks and this made Their Majesties laugh a great deal. And they ordained that he be left for the entertainment of the dwarfs and they play and laugh with him and he eats only chocolate.

Returning from Sihuenza where the meetings of the illiterate, presided over by the King, were held, there came to the ears of Their Majesties certain rumors that tell of a village of cretins who speak in riddles and who issue edicts which are identical to those of the King and this always happens a little before the King gets the idea of serving them, and hearing this counselor Peres exclaimed that this was a mockery of Their Majesties and the King said he was not of this opinion, that wisdom usually speaks through the mouths of cretins and that he thanks Divine Providence that in this wise It confirms the rightness of his dispositions and decrees and he ordained that money be given them to build a church in their village. But it collapsed, for if the voices of cretins usually speak in unison with the Holy Spirit, their hands are clumsy.

son of Man. A righteous man whom you should come to know  
 —So go it said the Judge. I hope that in the days you have left  
 to live, you touch, carcass and innards of yourself than that you leave  
 I am I and Allah the Creator has made me for ever. You should  
 know that I taught this teaching the peoples of the brotherhood Is  
 cannot be yours, for you are not your body.

—Who's is this city, asked the Judge. **Giving** substance. If

Christians began to cry out  
 —We're the first passers, telling this flesh stricken, seeing  
 himself inundated in those tares overflowing with shame.

Then after meditation and reflection and painfully uncovering the  
 Merciful Allah called for a torturer and ordered him to flog the  
 Christians. At the first lashes, telling this flesh stricken, seeing  
 Christians inundated in those tares overflowing with shame.  
 tell I will already be in heaven.

—This body is not my body, replied the Christian. When I  
 of the night we call your body.

—But this shadowy body this appearance is you, said the  
 Judge. The blood which will run from your neck will be that river  
 which runs through souls with joy  
 —You will not be able to do if rejected the Christians. Perhaps  
 you will annihilate a shadow, but this shadow is and has always  
 been a transitory. By killing it you add nothing to the felicity of the  
 people, but rather precipitate the day which devastates, which

—That one can only kill shadows.  
 —That I can kill you even the most people, the most igno-  
 rant, the most wretched, the most unjust of believers knows  
 (and I am that each one).

I have seen the captive Moor again. They have examined him once again, seeking errors, and they have found them. But few, and pardonable ones. What cannot be pardoned, I believe, is that he declares himself Christian and Muslim at the same time and a partisan of war between Christians and Muslims. He has told me that war is a game similar to chess. I replied with arguments which I believe to be solid, but he does not even listen to them, and repeats that there is a holy war among all things created and that God is He Who plays with us, insufflating hate and love. Other Moors cannot tolerate him, and have even beat him, but he continues imperturbably preaching the multiplication of wars and the peace of hearts.

They say that he hides a treasure. They tortured him and he finally confessed that he has hidden his treasure near the Sacromonte in Valparaiso. They despatched two monks, accompanied by an escort, to find it and bring it back. They returned with a checked sphere. They split it in two and found within some papers which they say were written by Saint Christino, in which is upheld the indissoluble unity of the two religions. And this provoked horror. The Moor replied that what is inside is appearance and what is outside, that is, the squares, reality. He put the globe back together and set up the chess-men. It is played with four armies. All alliances are allowed. It is the ideal game for drawing in the enemy and attacking him from the rear. We played for three days and nights and Father Lucas Santa Maria checkmated one of the kings. But the other two armies, Father Luna's and Father Speculo's, allied themselves against him and the remaining troops have joined together and without a king go from one band to another. It is a very complicated game. But nothing more than a game.

All right, my dearest beloved, my inseparable friend, you know  
that I have no secrets from you, but do not press me, do not rush  
me (I already feel your spirit which invades my hand and draws it  
to the bolder mount it to bold forces it to leap), makes it weak and  
screams with words, please in lines of the bluest ink-ink.

In this place lies, which the memory of you insinuates and  
wants, I would like to record to you a singular fact.

Do you remember the day of our last meeting? You, the dark-  
skinned Jew, the refugee, the old man, the student at  
Columbia, the Christian. Times have changed.

Now here I am writing you, the believer, the best of  
luminous souls, of the green base of the mountainous, of the  
quiet and secret world, of the mystery of the east; here you sit  
reading me, you, the Christian, the pastor of souls and of the  
actions of sanctitude, you, my friend.

I do not wish to speak to you of the moment of greatest pain  
which fills your heart between two parts and makes your pain  
stand and makes your eyes drop like rain from the sky, which  
seizes the soul as the teeth seize the tongue in the middle of the  
night. I would like to silence this sorrow and bridge it with the  
language of silence.

I wish to speak to you of our last dispute. To do this, I am  
going to repeat once again, very differently one, between Jude  
Asia and a Christian. A friend told it to me, and I cannot wait  
another day, another hour; I am already telling it, I have already  
told it. This is it.

Many years, many centuries ago, in our much neglected  
Kurumba, a Christian was plotting against Asia and asked  
for death.

Your poor wife, excusing the language, Who told you that  
one can kill someone who has done nothing wrong?  
—Kill me, said the Christian. For if you kill me, you will not  
deserve that my death is impossible, that there is no time except

Post scriptum.

That the diverse papers and things which Brother Antonio left were examined, there being found papers written in aljami, Mixtarabic Hispanic, and in Arabic and they treat of various themes. And the above miscellany was put at the disposition of Father Superior and otherS and the latter have ordained them to be burned, but this has not been done, and I believe they should be returned to whoe ver wrote them as was ordained in the testament where it says of certain papers and manuscripts received from Tunis and which treat of various affairs, that they be handed over to whom they concern and if there are found words and conceits which could offend the readers, let those parts be burned and that which is not burned be returned to Ibrahim Gomes Mulay who wrote them to me and who is now dead.

Let fifty Masses be said for his soul.





R A U L R U I Z

THE BOOK

OF

TRADITIONS





*The Book of Disappearances / The Book of Tractations* have been conceived by Raul Ruiz at the time of his multimedia exhibition *The Expulsion of Moors* in Boston 1990 (prod : ICA/CAT Fund, Boston - IVAM, Valence - CNAP, Paris).

*The Book of Disappearances / The Book of Tractations* was originally written in Spanish.

English translation: Warren Niesluchowski

Drawings and Calligrammes: Pascal Millet

Design: Raul Ruiz

Filmmaker, theatre director, writer, Raul Ruiz (born July 25, 1941 - Puerto Montt, Chile) adopts and recycles traditions of both popular and learned cultures. An allegorical examination centred on the multiplicity of viewpoints and the ambiguity between reality and fiction are central elements in the abundant work of this poetic artist, explorer of images and builder of labyrinths who expresses himself on film, in the theatre and in his writings.

ALSO PUBLISHED BY DIS VOIR

*Raoul Ruiz : Essays* by Christine Buci-Glucksmann and Fabrice Revault d'Allones. Interview with, text and visual lay-out by Raul Ruiz, Paris, 1987

*À la poursuite de l'Île au Trésor*, Paris, 1989.

*The Book of Disappearances / The Book of Tractations*, Paris, 1990 (reprint 2005).

*Poetic of Cinema*, Paris, 1996 (reprint 2005).

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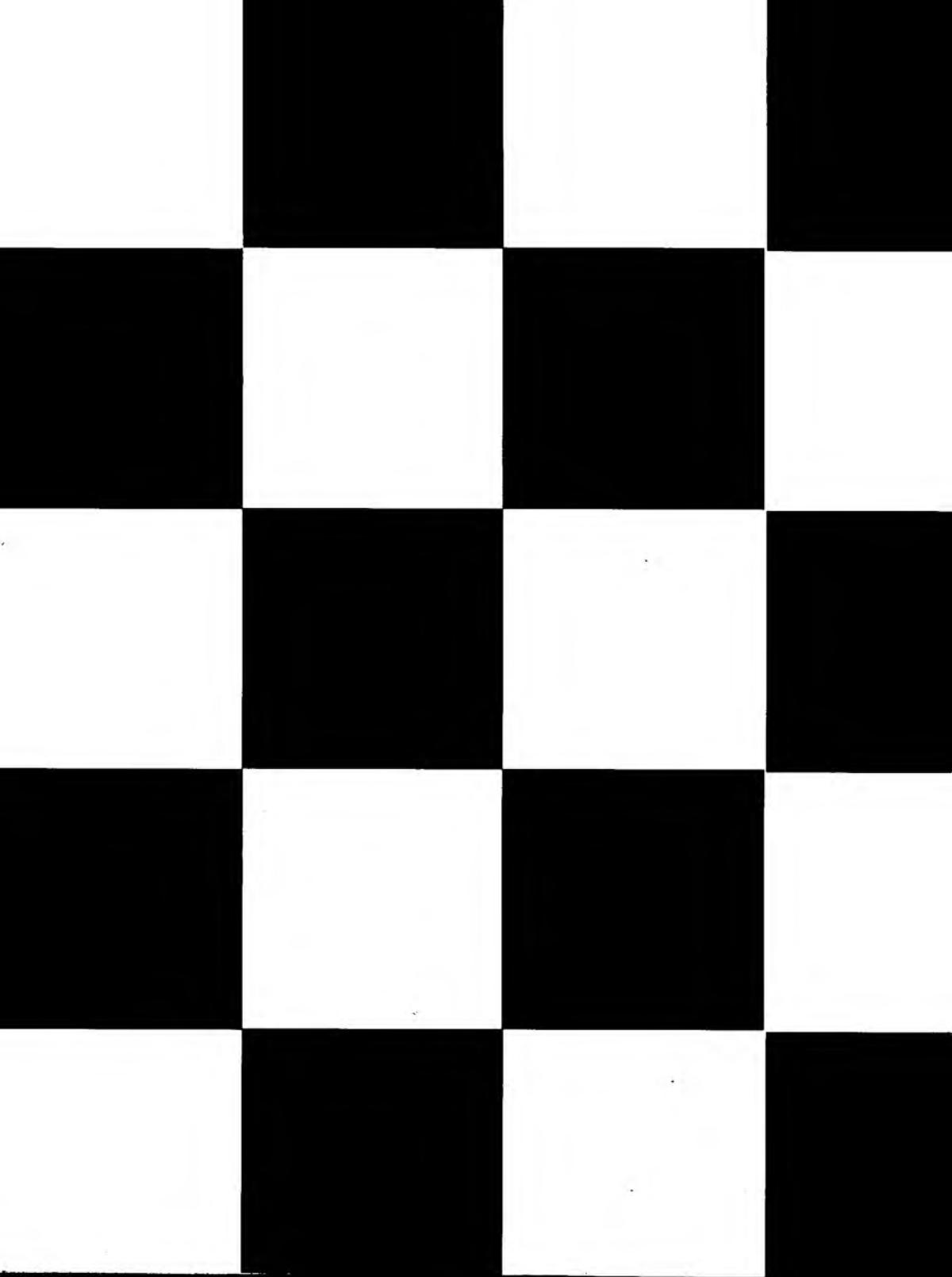
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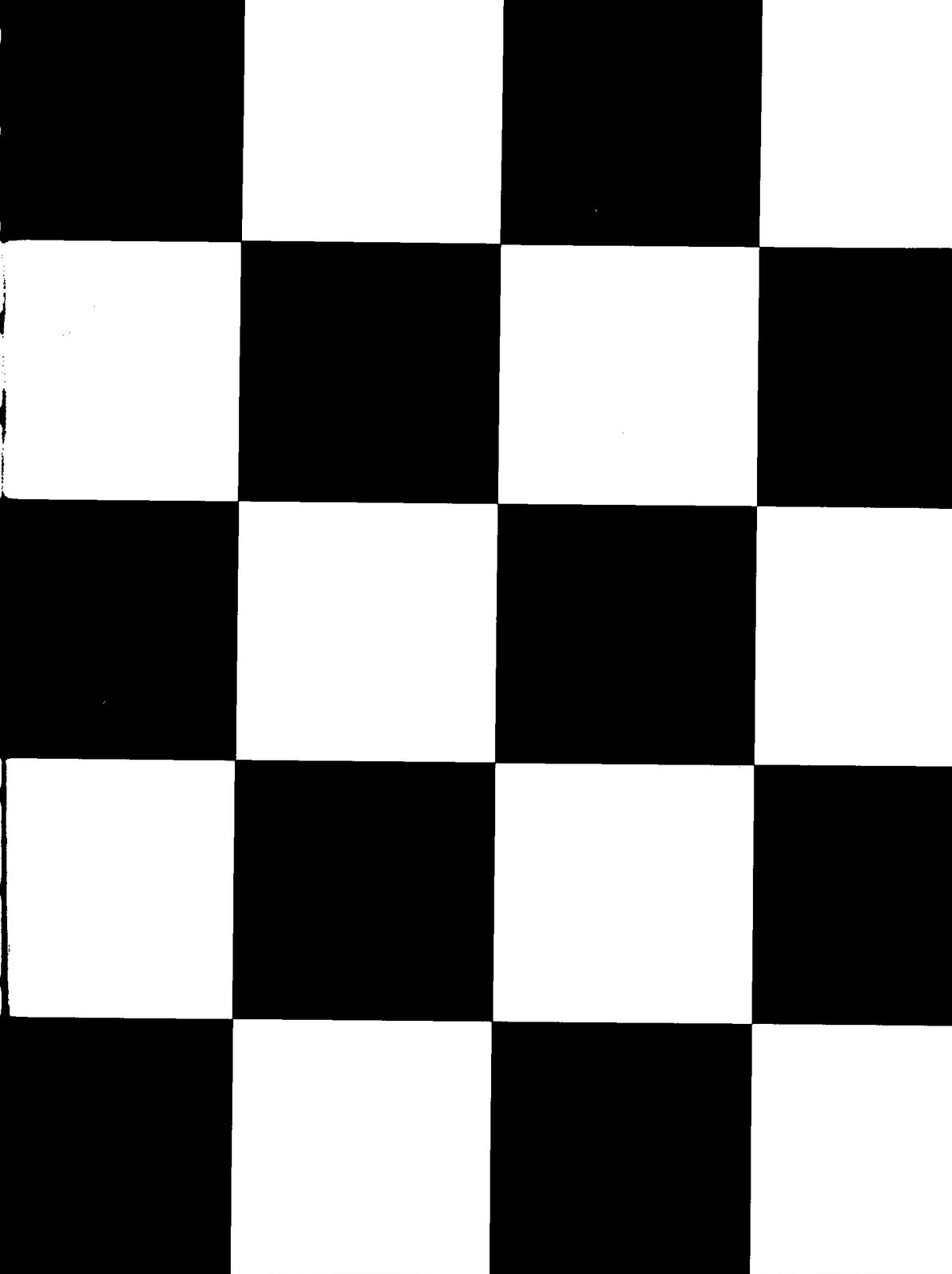
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R A U L   R U I Z

THE BOOK

OF

TRACTATIONS



All right, my dearly beloved, my inestimable friend, you know that I have no secrets from you, but do not press me, do not rush me (I already feel your spirit which invades my hand and draws it to the paper, mounts it and forces it to leap, makes it wheel and, sated with words, breathe in lines of the purest jet-black.

In this blue rizala, which the memory of you inebriates and warms, I would like to recount to you a singular fact.

Do you remember the day of our last meeting? You, the dark-skinned Jew, the surgeon, the doctor, and me, the student at Coimbra, the Christian. Times have changed.

Now, here I am writing you, me, the believer, me, the poet of luminous nostalgia, of the green peace of the mountains, of the ardent and secret sword, of the mystery of the eyes; here you are reading me, you, the Christian, the pastor of sorrows and of the atrocious sentences, you, my friend.

I do not wish to speak to you of the moment of greatest pain which halts your heart between two beats and makes your hair stand and makes your eyes drop like hail from the sky, which seizes the soul as the teeth seize the tongue in the middle of the night. I would like to silence this sorrow and girdle it with the toga of silence.

I wish to speak to you of our last dispute. To do this, I am going to reproduce another, very different one, between Judge Aslam and a Christian. A friend told it to me, and I cannot wait another day, another hour; I am already telling it, I have already told it. This is it.

Many years, many centuries ago, in our much regretted Kúrtuba, a Christian was brought before Judge Aslam and asked for death.

—Your poor wretch, exclaimed the judge. Who told you that one can kill someone who has done nothing wrong?

—Kill me, said the Christian. For if you kill me, you will understand that my death is impossible, that there is no true death,

that one can only kill shadows.

—That I can kill you even the most humble, the most ignorant, the most withdrawn, the most unjust of believers knows (and I am that very one).

—You will not be able to do it, replied the Christian. Perhaps you will annihilate a shadow, but this shadow is and has always been a naught. By killing it you add nothing to the felicity of the night, but rather precipitate the dawn which devastates, which maddens pure souls with joy.

—But this shadowy body, this appearance is you, said the judge. The blood which will run from your neck will be that river of the night we call your body.

—This body is not my body, replied the Christian. When I fall I will already be in heaven.

Then after meditating and secretly and piously invoking the Merciful, Aslam called for a torturer and ordered him to flog the Christian. At the first lashes, feeling his flesh shredded, seeing himself inundated in those rivers overflowing with shame, the Christian began to cry out.

—Whose is this cry?, asked the judge, feigning surprise. It cannot be yours, for you are not your body.

Order the torturer to stop!, implored the Christian. The pain has made me come to myself.

—So be it, said the judge. I hope that in the days you have left to live, you touch, caress and inhabit yourself and that you repeat, I am I and Allah the Creator has made me for ever. You should know that I learned this reading the gospels of the prophet Isa, son of Mary. A righteous man whom you should come to know better.

*My friend, your fear of the stars made me smile, not from scorn but from nostalgia. This fear brought back the memory of another fear very much my own and of long standing, almost dead. For years I feared birds which fell from the sky. I never feared the fall of the stones of the night nor the nearness of the moon. But I did fear birds. I saw them fall dead, turning to dust, bearing us the plague or crying poems of battle. Above all, I feared my fear. I feared it so much that one day I saw it incarnate. The fear of birds dressed in green was walking, eyes closed. It was cackling and hiding its hands.*

Last night I chanced to dream of it and I was not afraid of it. I could not be afraid of it because a fear incarnate attracts tremblings and cries to itself. It incarnates them and makes them laughable.

My friend, you must know that in my dream the fear of birds was knocking at my door. I did not want to open, but a servant of the household, a Christian slave whom I did not know, whom I had never seen, quickly went over to open the door. Without knowing him, I divined him to be the fear of stars. It was your own fear incarnate in my dream, which to my surprise was welcoming the fear of birds.

Here is what they said to each other.

—Seeing you in the doorway of the poet's house, I can only smile, said the fear of the stars first. The stars are the fire of the abyss; they are the seeds of the infinite. But what are birds? They are nothing; they are veils and cries.

—You are mistaken, replied the fear of birds. You are mistaken in scorning the veil. The veil separates and hides. Nature itself is a veil. And this veil likes to hide.

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—You are mistaken, said the fear of stars, if you think I scorn veils and cries. What I scorn is the nothingness which they hide. A nothing without abysm, a dense and gravid nought pregnant with things that are to be. My nought is very different. My nought enters and insidiates amongst beings and flatters them with doubts. My nought becomes small and insignificant, and lies between two atoms, and with an indivisible gesture separates one from the other. Other times my nought becomes so great that no one sees it. They think it distance, and when one least expects it, it gathers tamely in the shadow of the slave who does not wish to kiss you. And you must suffer and cry out for death.

—I do not fear the fear of stars, retorted the fear of birds. In my country it is believed that stars are teeth and that the heavens smile. That the innumerable shadows die of laughter waiting to be burned at the stake of the sun.

—In my country, on the other hand, it is said that stars are death's-heads made of sugar.

—In mine it is said that stars are tears, said the other.

—In mine that they are fingernails which tear at the heart of God.

—In mine it is said that they are very small and this is why they shine.

—In mine that they are the eyes of those that sleep.

—In mine that they are needles which knit destinies.

—In mine that they are grapes.

The dispute, my friend, lasted all night and only the dawn dissipated it, along with my dream.

*Bi-smi-Llahi-r-rahmani-r-rahim.* The histoire and tale of Abu Ibn al-Qartabus and al-hadiz of Isa (Alayim il salaam!). And the teller seggeth that Isa, béond l'al-janna (in Paradise) and seonde thus Bani Israila saden He naeffre was bore*n* or sette fot (Allah taala!) on thas contres and landes, and preached al-khutba that thai ahten nohht bileafe in His seggende and warnunge quych wæren vain & to lahghenn, & wanne Isa the C (Sal-la al-lahu alayhi was-salam) kennid and cnawed that this is swa, He bed aech of His schades quych the Israela folc i-sacret holden be quykkend and gan furth that all færenn & wundren *on* on them mote. And rollende furth thai cam the place neah quhare Mary (Tabaraka wa taala) was weepinde and mornede wel sore and tæherende. And the schades of the Y-sacret, schakying away the asch and pouder of the rode, crepende rrebibkadas and withth gret umilitet preached al-khutba and thus Bani Israila gaderode manigon and in great noumbre heorden the *gleamende* wrathen the reisuns of the quykkend schades.

And what they said.

The first shadow. I am the shadow of the Christ Child, who spake with the doctors of the law, wh*o* said what he already knew and was to know, a shadow perfumed and fragrant and azure, wind-swept and novel, made of laughter and chants. The sun cast me against the wall of the temple, and there I will have to live until I am destroyed by the father of my father.

And the second shadow said, I am the shadow of Christ, the one which stayed and lived at the house where the marriage feast at Cana was held. I hold in my hands the shadows of a loaf and a fish. I am the shadow that comes in through the eyes and through the mouth. The shadow that is eaten, that feeds unceasingly and which sends its breath into the bellies of the righteous who fast in the desert. I am the shadow which sates

hunger and which flies inside men and thins the blood and lightens the humors. The shadow of saffron and cumin, a life powdery and sparse but fixed in its center. I am the shadow which makes one salivate. I invite to banquets and keep away sleep and tickle the nostrils.

Thus spake the third shadow: I am the shadow of Christ on the mount which was cast during the sermon in which He spake and taught his doctrine (may God bless Him and bestow gifts on Him). I am the shadow which bit the earth, which gnashed its teeth made of eternal nought, of uncreated nought, a res. The form that Christ (Isa)—blessèd be He—suspended in time, and the shadow that causes the plants and perfumed flowers to wax and wane eternally following the figure of His breathing. And that the supple (may God perfume it) and most sweet wind which separated His words is and shall be the music of the dance of the flowers, and that the cat which sought to protect itself from the heat of the sun and sought that shadow there encountered cool and eternity. And the selfsame happened with the ants and the bees which found themselves blessed by sweet shade (the luminous darkness beside which all light is but darkness and blindness). These creatures now come with me and follow me because God (the One, the Adorable) thus ordered and Christ too was able to wish it (may God bestow His gifts on Him).

And the fourth shadow said, I am the black look of torture. I am the wicked figure of the Cross plundered and defiled by the followers of Pope Urban the Frenchman (may God damn him and dry up his tongue and never forgive him and make him burn). I am the shadow of the Cross, borne by that sultan (may he be damned) and that campeador the Cid (may burning not suffice). I am ashamed of my figure and my arms. I do not dance. My words are bitter but my soul is with Christ and may Allah protect it. I will be forgotten; I will be nothing more than the image of two

roads that cross; I will be nothing more than the point at which four bricks meet; I will be nothing more, even much less *than* a little mark. I will not even be a sifr, a cipher, a zero. But behold, Allah (a thousand times blessed) has allowed me to draw nigh unto you, blessed shadows, me, without hope, and gives me a tongue, speech, and voice (albeit hoarse and full of bitterness). And I **O**we you witness of the reason for His clemency (for He, the Pious, the Merciful, pardons). The day of the crucifixion (God curse the word), the moon cast its light on me, creating me cursed in my center, but blessed on my borders. A silvery light it was, the light of the crescent moon, a light which *annulls* all shadow. That moon shone forth, showing my form, all wickedness, and my soul darkly joyous.

And then the fifth shadow interjected and said, I am the shadow of the ass of the moon, the shadow of the Blessed, of the ass of the future which is to visit Paradise bearing the Prophet (God give him a thousand gifts).

And with one voice the five shadows began chanting praises to God.

(With one voice, not many, to one God, not three.)

*I look at you so that you will look at me.  
 I look at you in order to surprise you.  
 I surround you with my eyes and take you prisoner.  
 I look at the book of your life situated just behind  
 your head.*

Abu Ubayid

The guilty look: the one that looks at pudendal zones or excrement and stains the eyes—the stain is visible to any good physiognomist. To operate on the stain (cataracts?), the surgeon should wait for the beginning of the new moon. The patient should keep his eyes closed until the full moon. In this way the stains of the ‘mirror of faults’ will absorb the impurities of the eye.

A furtive glance during the sexual act physically disturbs the child-to-be. Thus Ibn Hazm (in the Neckband of the Dove) recalls the case of the birth of a black child of two white parents; after consulting the physiognomist they found out that the black doll of one of the slaves, left near the door, had entered the too curious mother through her eyes, infecting her progeny.

The eye that reads the world. There exist two types of looking, one which looks and scans the veil of things (sensation) and another that reads and sees only transcendent reality (the eye of perception). But when the saint, able to see only with the eye of perception, looks over the world with his gaze, he does not see the world, but reads it. In this case, the eye scans the landscape from right to left and the pupils rise and fall softly, subtly drawing in

the air the peaceful waves that are a figure of the plenitude of the sea of the soul.

The eye that looks behind the veil. The demon leads certain men to copy the creation of Allah, and thus to abase it by seeking to imitate it. This is a sin. The sinner is easily recognized because his **pupils**, when examined by the light of a lamp, are slightly rectangular or triangular, depending on the case. For the square, the circle, and the triangle are the **elementary** figures upon which all vision is based.

Other cases.

Blue eyes. The worst color: hypocrisy.

Bulging eyes: Shameless, lazy, disloyal.

Elongated eyes: Perverse.

Reddish eyes: Valiant and decided.

He whose eyes are shifty and sharp-looking: a thief and a traitor.

He whose eyes scan from left to right: a blasphemer and of evil sentiments.

He who always looks beyond you to someone we do not see is already dead. Kissing his hands is dangerous.

*Ibn al-Razi*

*We see the moon in the darkness of the night*



*Thijs van Gerven, Souqalmia*

*But the story of Saints Leila and Asha astounds me . . .*

One, a sinner in her youth and with big eyes, cried when she saw the evil of the world. They say that her crying gathered the clouds and made it rain. They asked for her in towns where there was drought and, not wishing to be the instrument of troubled agreements and petty dealings, she went off to the desert ~~W~~here she settled down to cry, feeding on her own tears.

One day, soon after these events, a palm tree that was the pride of the oasis called El Oasis, began to move before the eyes of all. It abandoned El Oasis and went off. It was lost in the desert and it was impossible for the knights who were following it to catch up with it, and even though it moved slowly, it always remained at the same~~E~~ distance from the cavalry in spite of the fact that many times they ran at it from many directions whipping their horses like unto the death.

The palm tree drew nigh to the holy woman and protected her with its shadow. And from its dates, as if from clouds, rained holy rain. Many pilgrims gathered to drink of the water of the tree that rains, but the saint took no note and thought but to give ~~tha~~nks to Allah for his many gifts.

At that time, not far from there, another saint, having fasted many days and nights, became so light that the wind carried her off and suspended her in the air, but she made nought of the miracle but to thank Allah and then set about her praying and beatifically suffered to be carried to where the palm tree was and once there the wind began to blow softly around her, making her turn weightlessly around the other saint. And neither of the ~~t~~wo paid any attention to this miracle, but impassively continued meditating and giving thanks to Allah.

They have since died.

From the transcript of the treatise on pious cuts and incisions, I have selected for you these sentences and sayings which will come into *your* hands when you have burned this missive (macama). You will find that we owe the first transcript of the discourse on surgery by whistling to Abu Hashim and that in order to write *it* he first had to walk in the desert, suffering himself to be carried forward by a lone whistle which went before him and and *showed* the way. This whistle led him to the cemetery of whale-cities not far from the sea. You will also see that that the city of bones is guarded by whistling vipers and that in it live the fakirs, readers of the dance, as the simple folk call these holy men, dance being *no*thing but the movement of vipers between the very vast walled bones of the whales without end.

The readers of the dance translate it into whistles and have invented a language which expresses itself via warbles and trills which deliciously fix the terrible truths of the metropolitan whales. In the center of this city, in the middle of this Medina of the dolphins, hidden between beards and fangs, the alumma of fakirs whistles and memorizes the incessant movement of the vipers and they do not have the time to enter into the terror of the points so furtively traced, but on the contrary extract from the latter practical teachings. Thanks to these, the treatise of surgery by whistle has *reached* us . . .

These fakirs pray day and night with luminous and impalpable hands which the Powerful One guides and weave wings most light of painful white, and when they finally finish these wings of prayer, they attach them to their bodies, and since they are *not* stout they easily fly and as they fly they whistle.

A group of fakirs was carried off by the sea breez<sup>c</sup> to the

islands, and there they were hunted **d** with nets. Afterwards they were forced to explain themselves and they did so in the only language they know, that of whistles. The natives of these islands, which they call the Canaries, have kept the language but have forgotten the text. The treatise on surgery was recovered by a converted inhabitant of the islands who brought it back to Tunis, where the manuscript **t** is venerated. Everyone would like to whistle it but they cannot because the whistled language was kept in the Canary Islands and the fakirs seem to forgotten it, because they say that latterly they have killed the vipers and have devoted **themselves** to writing prayers with leaps.

As-Sarisi says, and it must be true, that the story of the blue veil and the cruel Sultan Muyahid must have happened otherwise and not in Affrick but in Persia, but the substance and savor give it value and perennity. I heard it years ago and I do not know if I will be able to satisfy your desire and tell it to you and frighten you.

It is said, then, that Sultan Muyahid, who punished by cutting the body in two halves and scattering the brains, the tamer of white ants, the choleric, received the blue veil from the hands of one of his victims. He was already holding it in his hands when the body of the latter had been cut clean and his brains were traveling through the entrails of the falcon. The veil, made of glow-worms, quivered as if it were breathing and attracted the winds. The Sultan picked it up and he presented it to one of his wives. To thank him, the poor thing wished to show it off the next day. That night the women of the harem discovered that the veil had erased the mouth of the Sultan's favorite. The Sultan ordered the other women to use it and in each case the veil erased their mouths and nostrils. It soon became known that Muyahid the Cruel possessed a harem of women without mouths. Thirsty to look, famished to hear songs. This mute harem caused talk and the Sultan had to forbid that it be mentioned in books or spoken of.

He killed a great many people. All who spoke ill were executed in the presence of the four hundred women without mouths.

Until the day the veil was carried off on a summer breeze.

They saw it fly off into the distance and up to the sky. The astronomers noted it and Hussein ibn Kartabu for a time flew along with it and was afraid. Then it softly fell to earth one

winter's morning not far from Seville. A peasant woman found it there and discovering its roughness she used it as a depilatory. It circulated from hand to hand, erasing the lifelines of all the women. Then the wind carried it off. I know that many things happened, but I have forgotten them.

But you, my friend, would like to know what I think and opine of the use of the veil. I know that the Christians prize it and hold it up as an example. Paul the Apostle recommends it. Tertullian exalts it.

But it is not certain.

There is only one Veil, the blue veil which effaces lips and nostrils. Of it I will tell you on another occasion.

*It is said: there are large ey**e**s and small eyes. It is said: everything is smaller than the cyc that looks, an eye that can suffer a castle, a city enter through it.*

*But if an eye looks at another eye, it devours and is devoured. It digests and is digested, it vomits and is vomited.*

*Within an eye there is no room for another eye.*

*Thus he spake, devouring him with his eyes.*

Then Ibn Mumid looked fixedly upon the Mahdī. He fixed his gaze in the center of that sky, the black eye of that one-eyed man of the de**S**ert.

The Fakir heard and said nothing.

At the same time he fixed his gaze on the Mahdī.

He first considered his right eye. He concentrated his attention on the center of that sky. There he fixed on the point around which all the stars of that universe must needs turn. Then he looked at the left eye. He agai**n** concentrated his attention on the center of that new universe and in this wise ordered the stars, planets, and stones. The fires and the chant.

Then he looked at his eye situated between those two worlds already concentrated and disunite. He submitted them to the center of his one and only eye.

The Mahdī looked around him. Everything seemed new to him.

—What you see you **a**re seeing without your eyes. All you see is eyes. These eyes are looking at you. This palm tree is an eye; this desert is but one enor**mous** white eye. Those people are eyes and eyes' eyes. You are now seeing with all these eyes. And now you will not need your own. Be blind.

And saying this he tried to put out the other's eyes, but a guard prevented him.

The Mahdî let out a *cackle*.

—It is certain that even in the lips of a poor man, a saint, or a pure man, sedition can reside.

And then, looking at his *k*nights, he said, There is nothing more *dang~~e~~rous* than the words*S* of a poor man. His seduction hides sedition.

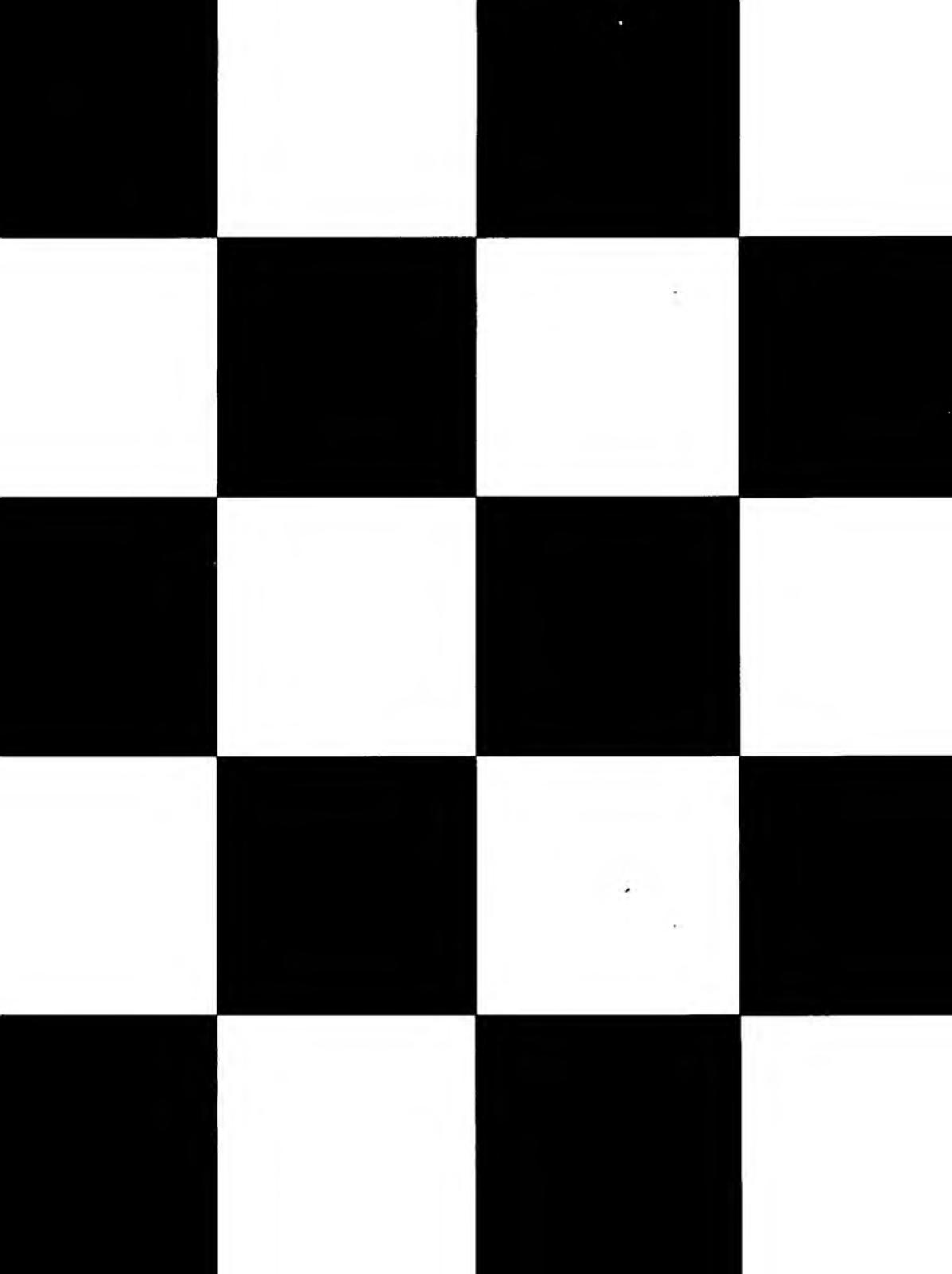
And with *h*is own hands he cut off the head of the Fakir.

The Jew with **t**he promised lapidary of the bay horse is on his way. This is a copy of Rabbi Halevi's and **h**is a copy of the mute lapidary of Villena, which owes much to the writings of your Alfonse the Wise.

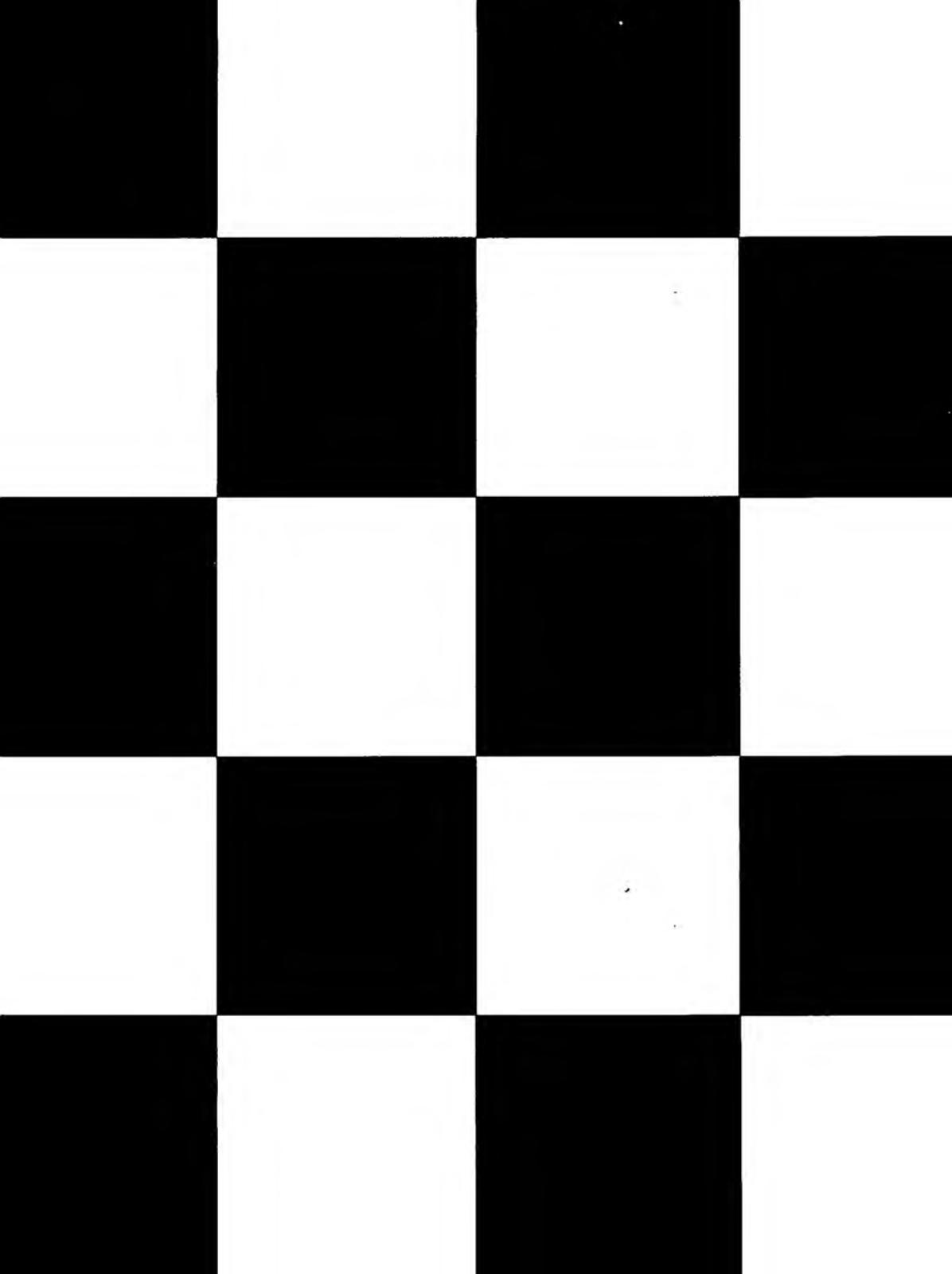
Here it says that the **stone**s of the lapidary of the bay horse are commented upon in the order in which they turned about the Virgin Mary, and this **d**eserves an explanation, which is the one I wish to submit, show and **r**ender to you, one I think belongs more to you than to me.

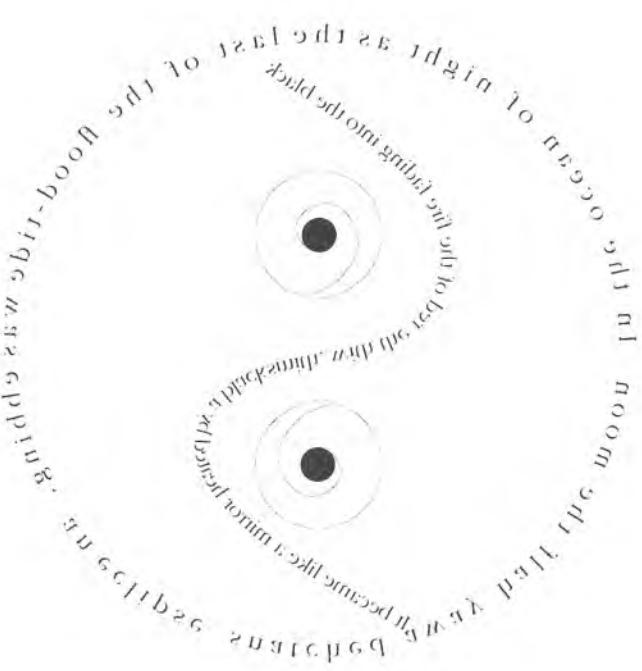
And the Andalusians of Tunis **relate** that those stones were thrown in Hornachuelas at an infidel woman. The stone-throwers from Hornichuelas came from Menorca, where they stone from a **d**istance. They used to put the victim, hands and feet attached, half-buried on the **summit** of a mountain. Then they dispersed, deploying **th**emselves several leagues away with stones on which they wrote insults. The infidel, a married woman, had sinned with a curate whose throat was cut at the very moment at **W**hich they were surprised in the act. The infidel had succumbed to the heat given off by caresses which the curate was giving to a chair in her **h**ouse, caresses which were sapient and subtle, almost painful, obstinately vicious and so long that you could measure time with them and the hours became centuries. They set the married woman on top of a mountain. They **C**ast stones at her with one voice. But they say the married woman **w**a<sup>s</sup> a devotee of the Virgin Mary. They then explain thusly that instead of striking her, the stones began to turn about her and, **p**olished by the blessed breeze which held them aloft, became precious stones, of rare and calming color. Some lapidologists came to see her and when they arrived the married woman was levitating, now collected and











somnolent, protected by her smile. Having nothing else to do, the doctors classified the stones while the married woman rose up into the sky. She was hidden by a cloud and went away with it, raining and greening fields as far as the Kingdom of Navarre, where she touched down to earth. The married woman entered the convent and her stones were stolen.

Someone told me that the stones had become precious but that it was not easy to classify them for they changed color and nature and it appears that they reflected each other very deeply as they say happens with the souls of saints in Paradise. And the insults had been erased and in their stead newer words made up sayings of great wisdom and understanding and that these were they, a true book of nature. It appears that a few people copied them but many were lost. The next time I will send you a few.

The child who lost his head at the very moment that his father was decapitated.

And as Ordoño and his knights were *b*esieging the fort of Badaxoz, they went from besiegers to besieged. And Ordoño said to his men that whoever wished to stay should stay, as long as they were no more than twelve. And that the rest should leave and bring the news of their sacrifice to Toledo. But among the first who volunteered to stay was his son. Ordoño took him aside and ordered him to leave. Since he refused to do this, Ordoño wounded him in the *b*elly and in one leg and thus wounded he had no other choice but to leave. Ordoño deployed his soldiers in a *h*alf-moon and one of them *h*aving pointed out the unusual and curious nature of the figure, the *a*ccursed reconsidered and formed the cross of Isa and in this way our forces defeated them more easily *an*d almost in one *breath*. At the moment that Ordoño was decapitated, his younger son Sanchez, the headless, the bewitched (Allah confound him), was *d*ining in Toledo. At the exact moment at *w*hich his father *w*as decapitated, his head came off and fell to the floor, where the hounds were *c*atting. One of them grabbed the head *in* his maw and ran off into *t*he countryside, followed by Ordoño's kinsmen and servants. They could not find him. Whereupon his kinsmen decided *t*hat the body should be buried with**h**out a head and offered a great reward to whoever could offer any news of it or of the dog, who *m*ay have devoured it, in which case they should immediately kill it *an*d bury it in guise of the head, between the shoulders of Don Sancho. But the dog *w*alked and ran for days and nights with the

head in its maw. Arriving as he did at the river Guadalquivir, at a place of calm waters he put it down so it could take root there. And the head flowered.

Very quickly there grew up a tree and in the crown was the head hidden among red and white flowers. And each time that a walker plucked a flower, the sound of a flute was heard and if several flowers were plucked the tree sounded a melody. And in autumn when the leaves fell, lute music was heard and the head began to sing. With its eyes closed the head of the handsome Don Sancho sang stories. And these stories were the destiny and future of those who happened by. They came from afar to hear them. Seeing this Our Lord ordered them to cut off the head and he sent it to his son Ibn Hussein, but the latter, seeing the wonder, fell in love with the head. And he would not part from the tree. Seeing this Our Lord ordered that his son be decapitated and his head hung from the selfsame tree as an example. Thereupon he sent it to his son Mustapha the Holy, the Good, the fit, the Ever-happy. But seeing the head, Mustapha fell in love and became sad and tearful and had eyes only for the head. And once again the King Our Lord ordered them to cut off his head, and sent it to his third son Mahmoud the Dull, the impassive one, the lover of rats. But seeing the head, Mahmoud began chanting its praises and became silly and of good appetite. The king cut off his head and sent it to the rest of his sons one by one. And all of them were decapitated. Other walkers lost their heads in the same way and soon the tree could no longer be seen hidden behind the mountain of heads. Seeing this the king ordered that the prayer be recited from the tower of heads. Allah took pity and let fall a thunderbolt on the Atalahaya, this watchtower of the decapitated. Allah is clement.



Of the younger Ziriyab or Ibn Ziriyab (that son of) only the hate and antipathy which *e*ncloses and protects him and piously veils the truth from him has reached me. Ibn Siriyab invented everything and invented nothing. He arrived at a palace and had barely moved a cushion when he would proclaim, This salon was dead and now it lives. Semi-darkness reigned and now all is splendor. And since he said this believing it himself, others believed him without difficulty. Ibn-Siriyab the inventor invented and created *f*rom nought, in this *w*ise, all of music, the art of walking, the art of looking *a*far, astronomy, surgery and algebra. He predicted the *i*nvention of death without pain and codified incisions. He *i*nvented the tale for several voices. He wrote poems in which *a*nimals and men dialogued. His enemies sought *t*his downfall and brought *h*im to Omar Ibn Said, the Old Man. They called him that because he was *b*orn old and over the years he was growing *y*ounger, albeit not smoothly and slowly, as do those who grow old, but in leaps and bounds and amidst great *p*ain. The old man is not a happy *m*an, even though splendid *d*ays of youth and childhood await him before Allah calls *h*im, when he has become a newborn again (but only the Sapient, the Just One, knows when that day will be, He and no one else). Omar the Old is convinced that there is nothing new. He often says, When I was old, what you are showing *m*e as a novelty already existed. Then *h*e invariably repeats, There is nothing new.

The inventor came to the house of a rich merchant, who expected a great contest and with it the definitive destruction of the pedant inventor. On his arrival Ibn-Siriyab said, Yesterday I invented a *s*tory which no one has *e*ver invented before: it is about a man who is born old and over the years becomes young.

The **old** man interrupted him immediately, saying, This man whom you think you have invented is me. Only Allah creates from nothing. Then he repeated once again, There **is** nothing new.

Without flinching the inventor looked him up and down and proclaimed, It is not new to say there is nothing new.

And so saying he confounded the old Omar.

It seems that the shame interrupted his rejuvenation and that now he is growing old just **like** everyone else.

In such wise that now, there is **nO**thing new.

I am **send**ing you a poem for **several** voices composed by Ibn-Siriab.

FROM THREE SAILS, A CRY ASIDE  
*A Morisco comedy in three acts*

## ACT I

*Scene 1*

*The house of Rodrigo of Triana. Enter Rodrigo, dressed as a Morisco and Ordoño, a Brother of the Order of Our Lady of Merced.*

*Rodrigo:* Say . . .

*Ordoño:* What you will show me . . . does it delight?

*Rodrigo:* It makes delight, all stiff and straight.

*Ordoño:* Driving?

*Rodrigo:* Singing . . .

*Ordoño:* Responding, pondering

From beneath the grave? And now defunct  
 Diffuses prose unfounded  
 (Prison of the profound and stormy  
 Tempest of turbid glosses?)

*Rodrigo:* Shiver, shiver, like the river  
 Into the sea of those our lives  
 Which are hylé and sleeping  
 Stiffly, confounding  
 Gained with lost,  
 And rush toward a cautious  
 Death, a curse all swelled  
 With cries and groans,  
 And once corresponded . . .

*Ordoño:* By virtues catholic

the first time, I had to learn how to type on a typewriter, put out my  
homework, and do my own laundry. I had to learn how to cook, clean,  
wash clothes, and take care of myself. It was a big adjustment.  
I had to learn how to live on my own, and it was hard at first.  
But I persevered, and I eventually got used to it. Now I'm  
a responsible adult, and I'm proud of myself. I've learned  
so much from this experience, and I'm grateful for the  
opportunities it has given me.

Those elements four . . .

*Rodrigo:* Said to be four, they are a hundred . . .

*Ordoño:* I do not understand you.

*Rodrigo:* . . . Virtues

By nature, not mere attitudes

Which through the mouth of spirit Breath

Of the Nine Dignities

Conform the powerlessness

Of nought, disspirit

Of emerging multitudes.

No, no, it is not sure that Bonitas

Brings goodness or brings beauty

Nor that the four predication,

Conforming to the admirable

Incalculable sloth

Of God, best show the contrite

Formula with which is grasped

Bifurcate matter.

*Ordoño:* Rodrigo of Triana!

. . . Ali

*Rodrigo:* Mustapha Ibn Arabi

Of Aflatun the servant.

*Ordoño:* That I have spoken with a traitor!

Heretic, an *al-jami*—a Moor!

Whom I myself did bless,

Who from a mast on high

of the new world the sound,

unceasing, endlessly

renewed, and by a thousand

multiplied, the fear

of infidels and Christic praise,

And cry, Land ho!,  
 And virile war chants sing, now vilely  
 Changes faith and land and color!  
 Wherefore become a justice now  
 From this your present weal?  
 What availeth you your herd  
 Of Judases of yesteryear?

- Rodrigo:* Naught, Father Ordoño, but naught.  
 But not the divinised nought,  
 The father of the troubled fate  
 Of mortals, not the wabada, the valiant  
 War, annihilating nought,  
 Of the three ships, one and triune  
 Of the New World, indign,  
 The Indian: the stupefied  
 Diversion. But my nought is nought.  
 Nought more than the most tired  
 Tiring, than the walk just  
 Walked. Almost nothing  
 Is my noug<sup>ht</sup>, not much  
 And th<sup>r</sup>ee times nothing.  
 Free of scent, delighting,  
 The breeze that wipes away the laugh  
 (The crumbly chalk)  
 Of death's-heads  
 Leafed for augure  
 Powdered, and the rancor  
 final which of lunatic  
 and calumnious caravelles  
 Doth wash the sides.
- Ordoño:* Now if I understand, Rodrigo.  
 Three caravelles are worth

Three death's-heads, and the sails,  
 The **W**atches kept, the yards all candles,  
 Three walkers sleeping,  
 Well worth three dead,  
 And **W**orth th**e**e navigating  
 Caravelles.

*Rodrigo:* You are in pain.

*Ordoño:* To see you convert**t**,  
 Renegade, defiant.  
 To see the devil right triumphant  
 And to see **y**ou unrepentant.

*Rodrigo:* I could say the **s**a me  
 Of you . . .

*Ordoño:* Of me!

*Rodrigo:* O Father, friend!  
 May Allah be my witness,  
 That it is by my faith, for love  
 And by the piety He **g**ranted,  
 He . . .

*Ordoño:* Th**r**ee-stringèd lute . . .

*Rodrigo:* Who is but One . . .

*Ordoño:* . . . Who is Triune**e**.

*Rodrigo:* What! Now indign indignant!?

*Ordoño:* Not indign, but Indian. And you!  
 You told me**e** your faith in but One God**d**,  
 The God of**f** thunder and triune!

*Rodrigo:* Triune?

*Ordoño:* A b*i*rd divine . . .

*Rodrigo:* A throne?

*Ordoño:* Palatial love.

- Rodrigo:* Thunder?
- Ordoño:* Jehovah, Elohim, and God.
- Rodrigo:* Why three and why not ten?
- Ordoño:* Why but one God and why not two?
- Rodrigo:* You think that God is three?
- Ordoño:* Three is one and one is three.
- Rodrigo:* Three times three . . .
- Ordoño:* Another time!
- Rodrigo:* Nine Dignities . . .
- Ordoño:* O, God!
- Rodrigo:* What God?
- Ordoño:* Not yours, Godspeed!
- Rodrigo:* You go?
- Ordoño:* To pray for you!
- Rodrigo:* Halt, O valiant monk,  
And do not go!
- Ordoño:* A prisoner am I . . .
- Rodrigo:* Of thy haste, of thy ardent  
Impatience, of the fear  
Of verity sufficient,  
Of earthly points of honor,  
Of apathy destroyer,  
Subtle and solicitous  
Praise, soliciting and silent,  
Larva of a pain unsounding  
And a weaver diligent.
- Ordoño:* Thou speakst of thee and not of me!
- Rodrigo:* Wherefore, prithee?

*Ordoño:* For your wherefore  
I will give you reason, Father, friend.

*Rodrigo:* Pasakawada apprehension.  
Is not a *g*ift . . .

*Ordoño:* It is a song . . .

*Rodrigo:* I pay attention.

*Ordoño:* Tell me, you *w*ho are my father,  
And the baptist,  
From *t*hose fonts  
Of the immortal water,  
And *th*e dawn baptismal  
Immanent and azure,  
Of the sea, and you *t*he ardor,  
Tell me now, my father,  
Have you *th*en so soon forgotten  
The Indian *f*erocious  
Whom you in the fight inclement  
Could have slayed?  
As you see me shake,  
You, noble as you steal  
**J**ust fury's prey  
And prize, you paid  
With your own blood  
The *toke*n of God's love  
And painful shedding,  
Though baptismal,  
Of your tears . . .

*Rodrigo:* I did baptize you; so what?

*Ordoño:* I am ans*w*ering a wherefore.

*Rodrigo:* What will you of me, then?

*Ordoño:* That you come back to thee.

- That you awaken, and remember.
- Rodrigo:* 'Tis all the same . . .
- Ordoño:* One for another.
- Rodrigo:* Who is that one?
- Ordoño:* It is Rodrigo.
- Rodrigo:* And who the other?
- Ordoño:* His demon friend.
- Rodrigo:* No, Ordoño, not with you  
The quarrel or the battle  
I undertake unto the raft  
Of the foe as it wanders  
Wooden in its woe  
And wont to be a spark for others.  
You are not one of those troops  
Nor are you wine of those old skins  
Nor a pig of those pigsties.
- Ordoño:* Your war does not touch or hurt me,  
Nor does your peace turn me from mine.  
Has one ever seen the fire make a peace  
With earth froze, scorch'd? And has the flaccid  
Earth, airy and humid, leafy,  
Spirited and perspicacious with its docile  
Bitches parley a few poorly  
Harvested potatoes? I have seen  
The swirl subjected of the fires phagocytic  
Wild and windy make its peace  
With itself—for Nature cannot be confounded,  
Nor do textbook *wars* her frighten  
Nor doth she tear herself with tongued sickles—  
Enduring Nature will endure what doth the *Prism*.
- Rodrigo:* Your charisma doth enchant me.

And beside myself doth leave me.  
 All melodious a flourish  
 Of your fate doth send me,  
 Carmelite from wine untrue  
 A salve for the vastest schisms.

*Ordoño:* Rodrigo, what I ask you,  
 What I beg you, is to be but you  
 Inside you, and to be yourself;  
 If you still have but one almud,  
 Moderate your solecism  
 And act, affected one!

*Rodrigo:* Now I am offended and **t**ake umbrage . . .

*Ordoño:* Now I do renounce you, Turk!

*Rodrigo:* I could have your head . . .

*Ordoño:* I do not recognize you, ingrate.

*Rodrigo:* You will earn a hate infinite.

*Ordoño:* You will earn a love innate.

*Rodrigo:* But now it is the hour to dine.  
 Fatima, Marien! **Ser**ve us!

### *Scene 2*

*Enter Aycha, singing.*

*Aycha:* They gave me a tyrant for a lord.  
 His name I tell not, **he**ld by honor.  
 See if I am right, despite his terror,  
 And ask him of his scorn and of my love.  
**Al**Wā bi-hazzi an hawa<sup>n</sup> wa-khtibar tu an-nifar,  
 Wa-kullu ‘unsin ba‘da-hu bi-l-jiyar.

*Enter Marien.*

*Marien:* Stringing tears on the necklace of hope,  
I wash my chant in the lagoon of the white dawn.  
Each tear a pearl, each pearl the moon.  
My hope is that there be more moons than tears.  
If hope is but a necklace, what good fortune  
Drowneth with my chant, like moons infinite.

*Aycha:* What say, I do not understand you.  
It seems to me that *t* you are sad.  
As for your song . . .

*Marien:* 'Tis but a joke.  
To spirit my disspirit.  
But the damnèd one resists.  
I draw back and then repent  
But stubborn he assails me.

*Aycha:* Who . . .

*Marien:* The misunderstanding . . .

*Aycha:* I follow without knowing what you mean.

*Marien:* Oh, nurse, you see me ill,  
Arithmetic and quite vulgar.

*Aycha:* Arithmetic?

*Marien:* You slip  
In love, then all to pieces.

*Aycha:* Piece~~s~~?

*Marien:* A slip away from a great fall.

*Aycha:* Now I understand; who is he?

*Marien:* A man, but in return  
For whom a love me doth dispute  
That of a rose, a splendor.

- Aycha:* 'The slave, that girl from Marrakesh!
- Marien:* Now **d**o you understand my pain?
- Aycha:* 'The blush doth rush up to my checks—  
You, a girl, and with a woman?
- Marien:* Who better than a woman  
'To enamor him who is your love,  
'To venge you in your sorrow,  
And second you in pleasure.  
She doth love him more than I  
And I do love her more than him.
- Aycha:* What is he, and who is I?
- Marien:* No longer do I know which of the two  
Inflames my heart.  
I think that it was both,  
And no beginning to my passion,  
But, too, no end without its prior.
- Aycha:* Marien, think of what you say  
Before you say just what you think.  
Though you may think without a conscience,  
Already you yourself dost contradict.
- Marien:* Enough that love which I do bear.
- Aycha:* Do you love yourself?
- Marien:* I do,  
From head to foot.  
I so, so much in love do fall  
**T**hat I get lost all by myself,  
Enfolded in my own sophisms,  
I exit silent from the hall,  
Then lose myself among the treasures  
Of looks exchanged, and graces.

- Aycha:* Enamored of your love?
- Mariem:* Enamored love within me,  
With its double love for thee.
- Aycha:* And the flower enslaved,  
**What** role will it **p**lay here?
- Mariem:* 'The rose of Marrakesh  
Plays not one role **but** three.
- Aycha:* I have you followed you yourself?
- Mariem:* Following me, I follow lo**v**e.
- Aycha:* What suffocation and what heat!
- Mariem:* Do not say you did not see me  
When slight and furtive I  
Did **S**eek thy fleeting face  
Joined to that **o**f Hermes Trismegistes.
- Aycha:* Silence!
- Mariem:* Coy, what I saw  
I did not see, nor did **d** his haughty face appear  
**Q**uick and by Medina, feverish  
I hold you and caress you.  
Hurrah, and long live Egypt!
- Aycha:* He is Damascene and Morisco . . .
- Mariem:* Not Egyptian? Twice hurrah!
- Aycha:* A hermetic and ferocious.
- Mariem:* And Rodrigo? Does he suspect?

*The manuscript ends here.*

*(The text is illegible and has been gnawed by rats.)*

From my father Ibrahim ibn-Hussein Mulay I have never heard again. He did not die but for his sons and spouse he no longer exists. This year, which the Christians reckon as 1666, the year of the Beast, the false prophet of Israel has found the True Path and has venerated the One and Only, the True, The Merciful One. And my father, seeing this and wishing, in his own words, to restore balance to the world, took and adopted as his own the Faith of Moses. And let it be said that he did this upon finding out that his friend the Nazarene, called Brother Antonio de la Fuente, had been found guilty of Erasmism and incarcerated, and he is supposed to have died soon after, and he charged me with saving his letters, and there was much of true and holy there. And trying to burn them, I was not able to, and they gave off sparks but would not burn.

And then, having received the epistolary, I wanted to send you the said missives and then there came to my mind the Spanish language which I have never spoken or known and in which I am now writing you